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Vol. CLV No. 2032 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 31 1938

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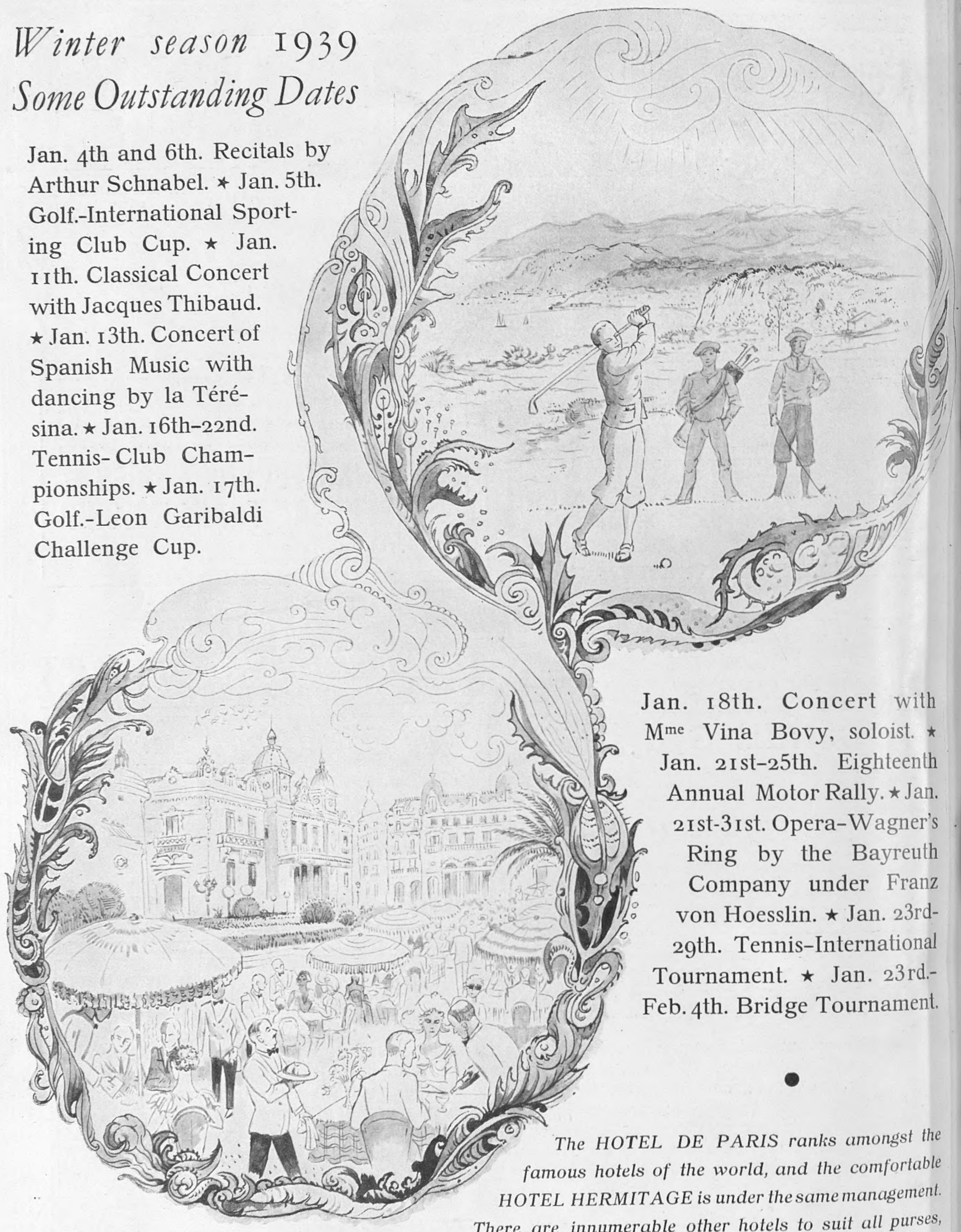

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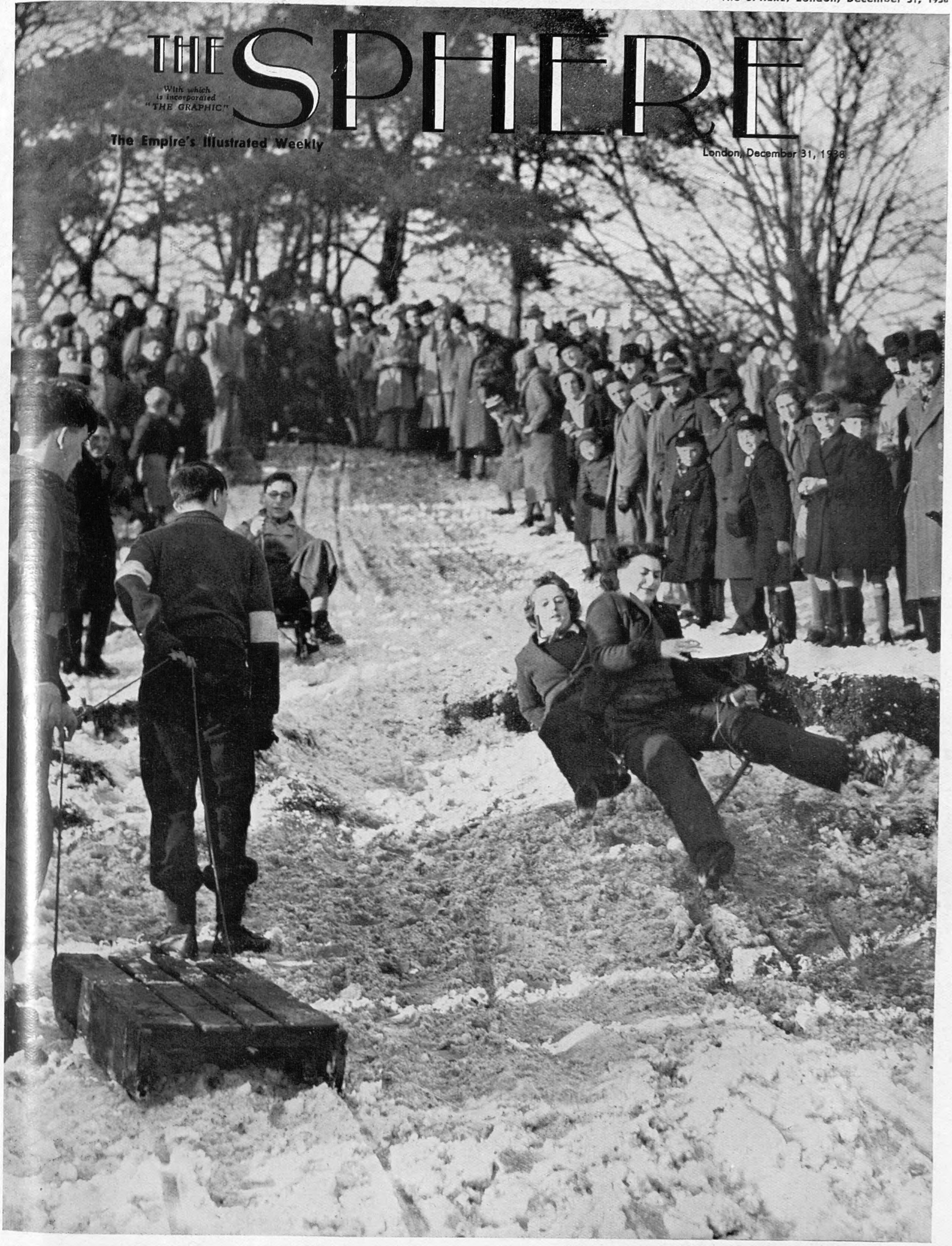
MONTE-CARLO

Volume CLV No. 2032

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 31, 1938



BOXING DAY THRILLS ON HAMPSTEAD HEIGHTS

A Pair of Tobogganists Coming to Grief at the Finish of a Breath-taking Run on the Fast-thawing Slopes

Snow over England and a measure of relief from European strain combined to make Christmas, 1938, a memorable holiday, and, although on Boxing Night the thaw had well and truly set in, Londoners had just sufficient time to taste the joys of winter sports. To Hampstead heights they flocked in their thousands, the ski experts to demonstrate their "Stem Christianias" and the intricacies of the slalom, the tobogganists to show their paces on everything from genuine toboggans to old tin trays, and the generality of merrymakers to reveal that the well-aimed snowball, packed hard and flung with high velocity, is a great leveller, though, indeed, it might be frowned upon at sophisticated St. Moritz and perhaps banned at Arosa. It was all great fun and a welcome change from the delights of the groaning board

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BLACK SEPTEMBER when Londoners and, indeed, people in all the capitals of Europe thronged round maps in order to study the situation as Chancellor Hitler pressed forward his claim on the Sudetenland. Never before, it is safe to say, had such a large proportion of the population in this country interested itself in foreign affairs

AN ORGY OF NEWSPAPER BUYING continued throughout the crisis, many Londoners purchasing each succeeding edition off the press in the hope of finding some measure of cheer amid the grim tidings of mounting totalitarian demands

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1938 Reviewed

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, December 28, 1938.

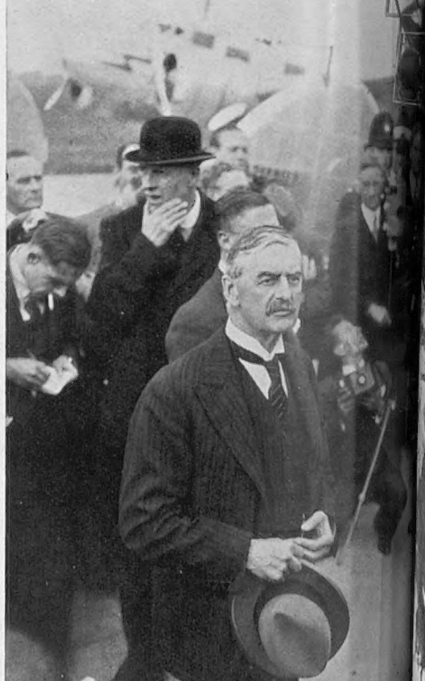
A BLACK YEAR IN RETROSPECT.—Worse than the last! It is, indeed, a strange and melancholy exercise to turn back the files and to find that year after year at the customary review of events one has expressed the belief that the coming year can hardly be as mad and bad and dangerous as that just ending. And we all felt pretty certain that 1938 would show amendment. It looked more promising. In January nothing much happened. The general strike had collapsed in Paris just before the year ended and M. Chautemps was Cabinet-making in the middle of January. Then events began to move. In February Hitler assumed command of the German army. King Carol proclaimed his dictatorship. The Schuschnigg–Hitler "conversations" ended on February 14 by Schuschnigg bowing to the Nazi demand for the admission of Nazi members to his Cabinet. A week later Mr. Eden resigned while Hitler was making his long speech in Berlin on Germany's aims. On March 10 the Chautemps Ministry fell and on the 11th German troops marched into Austria, Schuschnigg resigned, and Austria was incorporated in the Reich (March 14). Daladier succeeded Chautemps and secured plenary powers on April 12; and the British–Italian pact was signed in Rome on the 16th. Thereafter the shadow and substance of Czechoslovakia obscured all other issues until November.

THE SUDETEN CRISIS—HISTORY.—This Sudeten crisis appears to have directly begun on March 13, the day before the incorporation of Austria in the Reich. On that day Hitler assured Prague that Germany had no designs against Czechoslovakia. Eleven days later Henlein at Carlsbad outlined the Sudeten demands. These included self-government but contained no suggestion of territorial self-determination. The Czechs offered at once negotiation on modified terms. So far as the average Briton knew, matters simmered until the end of July when the Runciman mission was announced. On August 5 German mobilisation manœuvres were announced. On the 9th Lord Runciman had arranged for direct negotiations between the contending elements in Czechoslovakia. On August 21 those negotiations were interrupted. On September 1 Hitler and Henlein met. On the 4th the Czech Government greatly enlarged the scope of concessions. On the 7th the Sudetens again broke off negotiations. On the 12th Hitler at Nuremberg demanded self-determination and promised Germany's support. Martial law was proclaimed in Sudeten territory. This was the first realisation by the man in the street that matters were critical for Europe. On September 15 Mr. Chamberlain flew to see Hitler. The rest of the diary is fresh in memory as if burned on it with vitriol. The earlier dates and events are set forth without commentary.

MUNICH.—The four-power conference began at Munich on September 29. And on the 30th Mr. Chamberlain flew home bringing "peace with honour." Peace, if only temporary, was admitted by all. The difference of opinion about the honour has more sharply divided the nation (and more bitterly) than has any political event since the Irish question (1911–14) or the Reform Bill (1831–32). From the moment when the Premier came back flourishing his extra bit of paper (the Chamberlain–Hitler declaration) no further clear progress has been made towards cementing the foundations of that hopeful accord. One and one aim only occupied the whole time of the Government, to press on with defence measures and to speed up armaments by all means. And very soon, indeed, the persecution of the Jews in Germany once more increased the bitterness of the nations to the pre-Munich intensity. The year 1938 has been more deeply seared on our memories by mental suffering and conflict than any since the war years. It aged every one of us and it should in any review of the year be treated by recording the constantly shifting opinions and views of the ordinary uninformed man and woman. Relief from a nightmare of fear and uncertainty was the key to general opinion on the morning after.

THOUGHTS ON THE MORNING AFTER.—1. Did any Minister of the Crown or public servant ever receive so triumphant a testimony of admiration, gratitude and respect from king and country as Mr. Chamberlain? Perhaps the Duke of Wellington. 2. Did any such so richly deserve it? Perhaps the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo. 3. American opinion, while not daring to assert that the price of peace paid by the democracies was too high, declared that Hitler's diplomatic triumph was without precedent in history. As to that, if a man declares "grand slam" in clubs, holding every one of them, he is reasonably certain to make his contract. Peace has her (diplomatic) victories no less renowned than war. 4. What is the price we must now pay in £ s. d.? What has it cost? You cannot mobilise a fleet, convert a peaceful land into a modern fortress and so on, for nothing. What are the prospects of estimated revenue for the financial year being realised? How much will supplementaries exceed the maximums deemed possible? In short, unless a disarmament agreement is reached in a few months, what can save half the nations of Europe from bankruptcy? 5. Why should not that disarmament on a reasonable scale follow quickly? We in Britain, for example, today have no nation in the world from whom we *should* with reason fear an attack *at home*. That should allow us to stand still at least on home defence, though not to relax. A national register should now be a national institution, constantly kept up to date. 6. World settlement cannot come quickly. We must look forward to years of concentrated negotiations, with rising and ebbing hopes, checks and advances, before Europe and civilisation are pacified. But what in God's name, in these so favourable new conditions, is to prevent the realisation *now* of a common convention to outlaw that most dreadful of all anxieties—which the whole world has outlawed by clearly expressed opinion—the bombing of civilians and open towns? 7. Mr. Duff Cooper's resignation serves to remind us in the hour of thankfulness and relief the price we have paid for past errors and a new lease of life. The most ardent worshipper of Mr. Chamberlain does not minimise them. He can do no more than say that, grievous as the price is, it is cheap for the assets gained. Civilisation has been saved and given one more chance to amend, to resolve henceforth to apply the Christian virtues to international relations. And 1,000,000 innocent lives have been given back, lives which may contribute to the making of a better world. No man who was called in to fit his own babies with gas masks can find a word of criticism for Mr. Chamberlain. Against those assets, we must set the sacrifice by the big nations of the smaller nations for the common weal, and the temporary handing over to four great powers of the destinies of Europe which ideally should rest on collective security and the ideals of the League. A man who has resigned a proud position, and one in which he delighted, for his principles deserves respect. But this is certain, the fear of war is as dangerous as war itself, politically and economically.

THE NEW CHIVALRY.—There can be no appeasement even now and no resettlement if suspicion of the pledged word (however much justified by recent history) of neighbour states



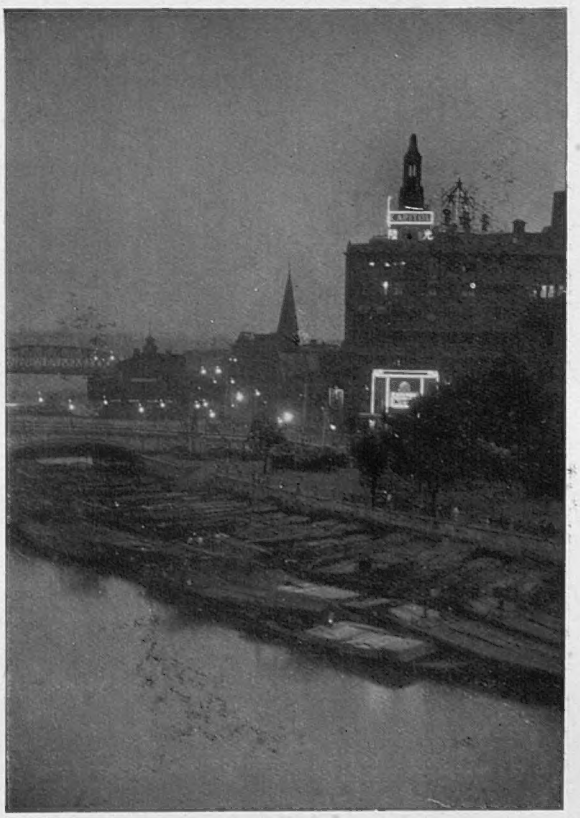
THE MAN WHO FLEW FOR PEACE: An historic picture of Mr. Chamberlain broadcasting from the airport on his return from Munich following his first of his flights to Germany to make his appeal to Chancellor Hitler concerning Sudeten

...stranger to England ...ber, November and December, ...g his eyes and ears open, might ...ave come to that conclusion. All ...Europe such an outpouring of ...ness began as to put into the shade ...vious efforts in that line. The

PALESTINE.—The blackest patch in the British Empire has been Palestine. It is a tale of unparalleled failure of British colonial administration, a tale of wobble and half-measure which has

...discordant elements, whose racial hatred was constantly fanned by paid and foreign agitators. Sabotage and brutal outrage have gone on for many months, but it was not until October that resolute military measures began to be taken, with results still uncertain. At the end of the year, the situation was still grave and no solution in the way of partition or otherwise had been found.

...RITAIN DISCUSSES THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE ...young Jewish settlers manfully carry on with ...work of developing the country. In 1938, ...s The Old Stager in his review, "Palestine ...been the blackest patch in the British Empire"



SHANGHAI'S SILENT WHARVES: A night view of the international settlement where British commercial interests have been so menaced by the Japanese determination to close the door to European business in China, business she herself hopes to monopolise

SOME OF THE EVENTS OF 1938.—The great crisis put into the shade many events normally entitled to prominence in a year-review. The death of Kemal Ataturk, for example. The tremendous progress of Japan in the endless adventure of subduing China. The dreary stalemate of the long civil war in Spain. The continued tale of massacre from the air

...the *Queen Elizabeth*. The Government, preoccupied with rearmament, A.R.P., and European politics, learned how bitter was the disappointment of the agricultural community at its failure to stem the tide of its growing misfortunes. As the year ended, the nation was set somewhat at rest on two major anxieties. It learned that the bulk of the fresh expenditure on armaments would be met by borrowing and that the question of the cession of colonies was not on the tapis and was not regarded as a major or war issue, even German spokesmen revealing a certain degree of unwonted caution when making declarations on the subject. In the circumstances of this year of transcendent political anxiety, I have not the heart, or indeed the humour, to discourse on the year's features in the realms of art and literature. Good books were published (and bad), good pictures (and bad) painted. Good music and drama were written and played. These are the arts of peace and civilisation, and peace and civilisation are on the crater's edge.

THE YEAR'S RAINFALL.—The average rainfall for my part of West Sussex is about 37 ins. In the past three years (since I have kept records) it has been above 40 ins. In the present year the fall amounted on December 20 to just under 27 ins. Of this total less than one-third fell during the eight months February to September inclusive. January gave 4·30 ins., October 4·25 ins., November 5·83 ins., and December to the 20th 3·50 ins. The year was remarkable also for its mildness and for its gales. The autumn gave a large average of sunshine under abnormally warm conditions and men who shoot or golf or walk abroad on Saturdays had good reason to bless the autumn months of 1938. Winter conditions came, abnormally severe and suddenly, on December 17.

THE OLD STAGER

WINDOW ON A SNOW-WHITE WORLD: Youngsters of Castlebar, Sydenham Hill, the hostel of the National Children's Adoption Association, looking through one of the windows as their little friends returned with Christmas decorations

A BUMPER CHRISTMAS MAIL being handled by Post Office men at Plymouth docks after the S.S. *Queen Mary* and the S.S. *Washington* had unloaded enormous quantities of mail bags containing parcels and greeting cards from the United States

THE GUMBOOT CHRISTMAS: How Londoners Defied the Snow and Slush

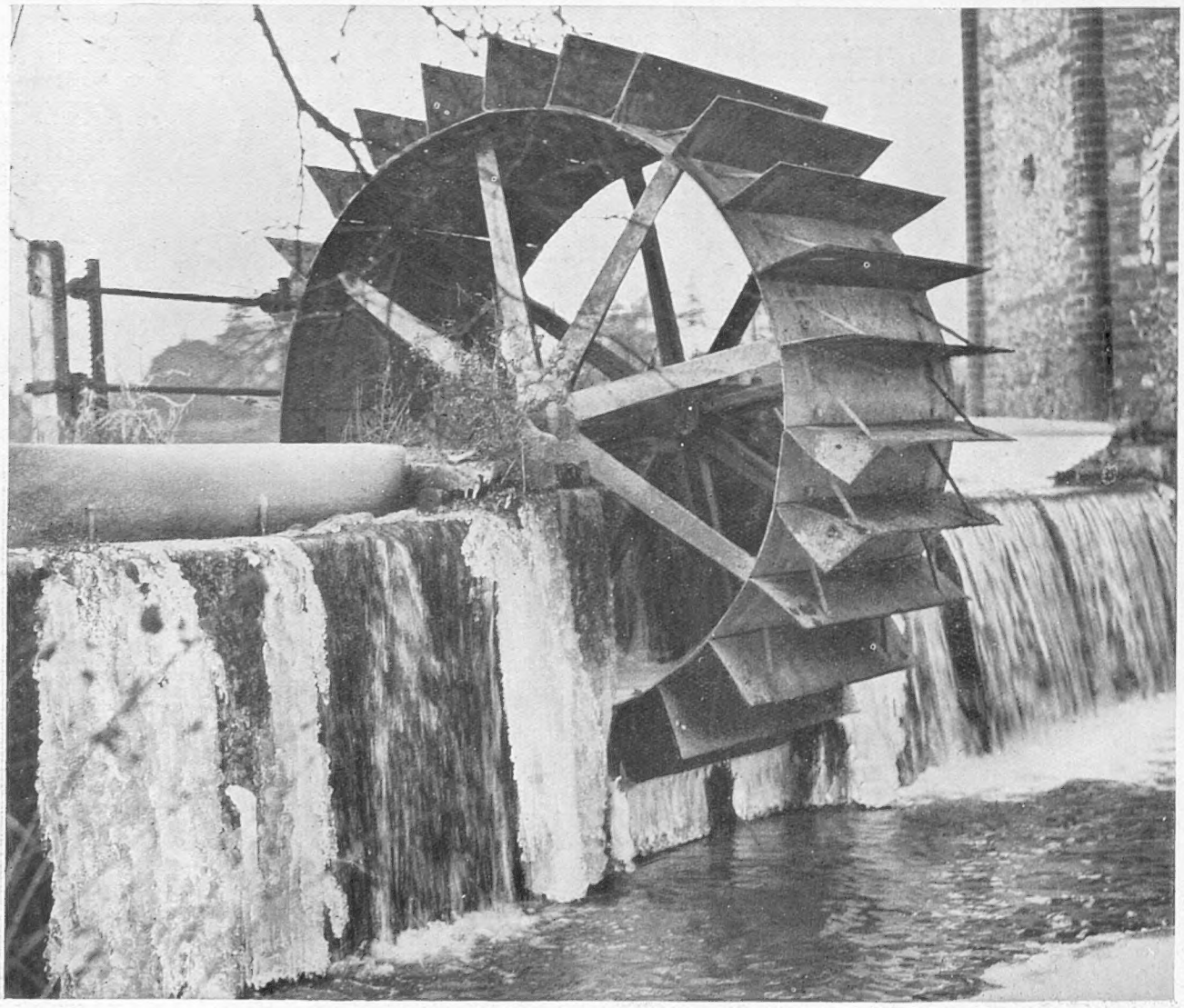
SHOD FOR LONDON'S STREETS: *Above*—Mrs. Kennedy, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, and her children, and the Duchess of Kent (*right*) wearing gumboots and goloshes, the only practical footwear in the conditions prevailing over Christmas. All the large stores reported an unprecedented rush on their supplies and many of them had to telephone desperate, last-minute orders to wholesalers and manufacturers so that they might cope with the demand. There was also a big run on portable oil stoves, while electric radiators and draught excluders of the old Victorian "sausage" variety were being eagerly sought

THE REASON WHY

With London's streets inches deep in slush it was little wonder that the demand for gumboots and goloshes reached peak just before the holidays

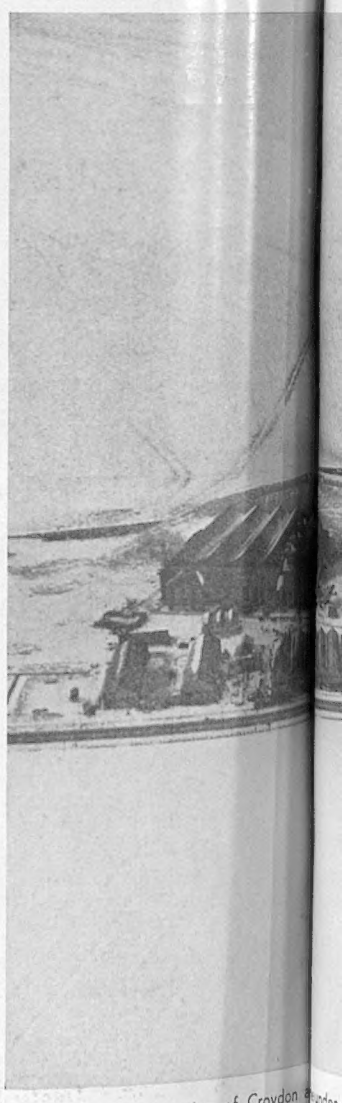
THE DECEMBER OF DICKENSIAN TRADITION: Hounds out at exercise in the New Forest following last week's big snowstorm which placed half England under a white mantle. Some of the heaviest falls were reported from Yorkshire, two villages in the Wolds being cut off from the world by huge drifts, while roads in Kent were in such a condition that traffic was completely disorganised

On right—**HAPPY HAMPSTEAD LIVED UP TO ITS REPUTATION** with winter sports. A young skater is seen having her boot removed after disporting on the ice



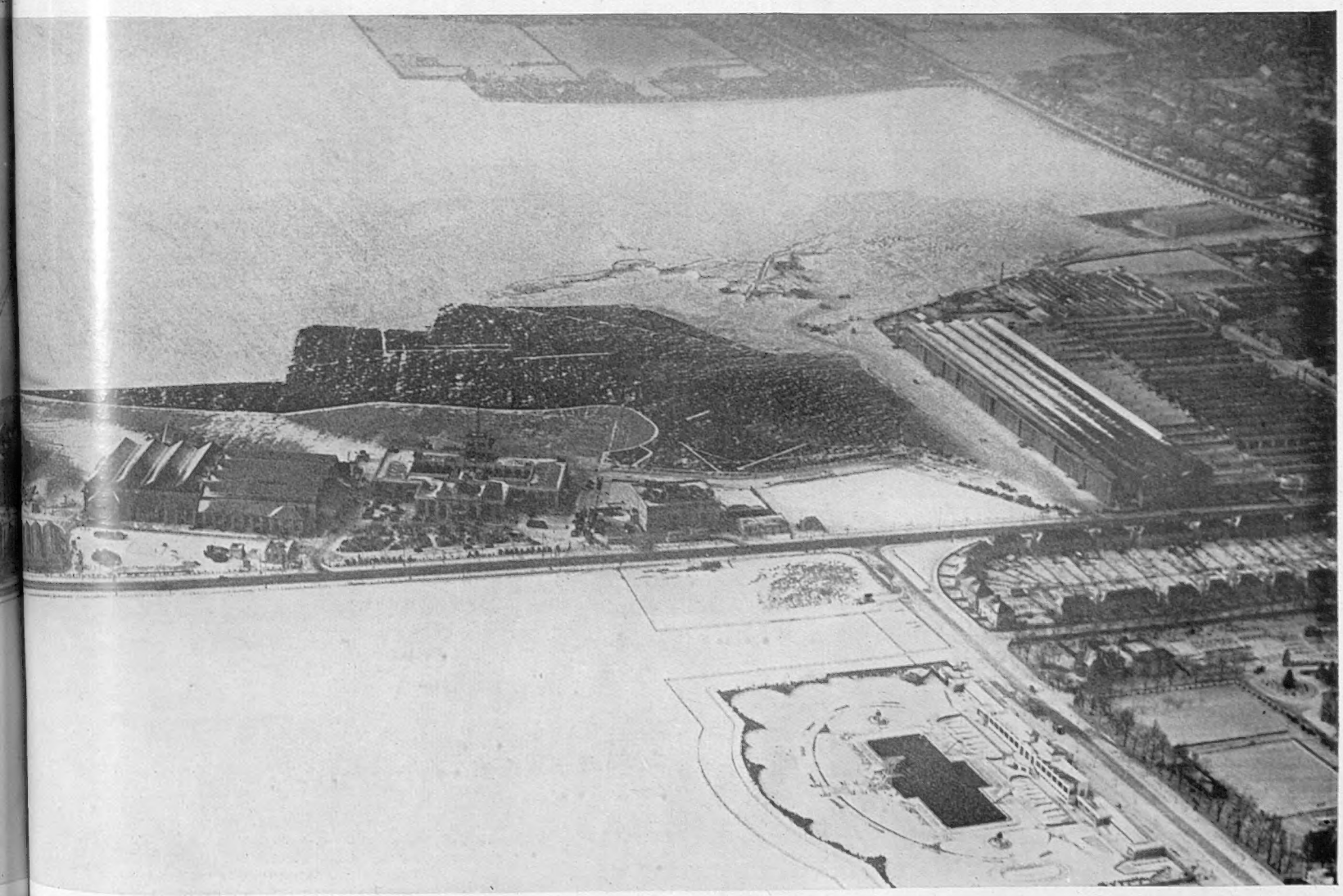
WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE FALL!

This water-wheel at Boxmoor, Hertfordshire, was put out of action when the water froze into long icicles as it came over the fall



An aerial impression of Croydon ... under ... ing the airport buildings in the cen... the ri... pool, the very sight of which must h... vers th... did not suffer so severely as ship... ... duri...

A WHITE CHRISTMAS WEEK: Wintry Sights and Scenes in London and the Provinces



LONDON'S AIRPORT UNDER A SNOWY MANTLE

...nder a pall of snow ; a picture show-
...the right foreground the swimming
...vers through passers-by. Air services
...during the Christmas week rush

JIBUTI AND ITS RAILWAY

To France Jibuti is a Half-way House to the Far East : To Italy it is a Toll-gate at her Imperial Front Door

ALTHOUGH the Italian demands regarding Jibuti are so far quite unofficial, they appear as unreasonable to the French as they seem reasonable to the Italians. French Somaliland is French territory of a highly strategical value, and Jibuti is to France what Aden is to Britain. It is a half-way house on her line of communications with Madagascar and her Far Eastern possessions. Jibuti is therefore a vital point in the French Imperial system. But to Italy, now in possession of Abyssinia, Jibuti has the appearance of a French "toll-gate" on her Imperial communications. This makes the Italians feel that the Empire's front door is not its own.

Jibuti is one of the hottest places in the Red Sea, but before the Abyssinian war conditions were not unpleasant for a place of this kind. Life at the "Continental" was amusing enough; a new European arrival was quite a personality; and moonlight supper parties among the palm trees helped to reduce the length of the nights.

As there are no colonists or industries worthy of mention in French Somaliland, Jibuti has always depended on the Abyssinian traffic by the Addis Ababa railway. The arrivals and departures of the trains were the most important events of the week. On these occasions the little seaport sprang to life until the strange variety of passengers had gone aboard a ship bound for Europe or taken their seats in the train for Addis Ababa. The town then relapsed again into an atmosphere of Somalis, camels and a few motor cars.

Soon after the Italians had occupied Addis Ababa, the use of Jibuti for the transit of large quantities of Italian supplies completely changed the whole life of the town. The hotels became packed to overflowing; prices rose to a high level; the natives became out of hand; and everybody was making money by honest or dishonest means. As many Italian ships were now calling at Jibuti, the activity of the port was greatly increased, and the natives were charging exorbitant rates for transit to and from the ships. The hotel proprietors made fortunes by giving bad accommodation and worse food to passing travellers.

The greatest deficiency, however, was that both the port and the railway were designed to meet the needs of the small traffic of the days before the Italo-Abyssinian War. The ships had to lie at anchor in the bay, and there was only a small jetty for motor launches and rowing boats; while the railway was a narrow-gauge single line with stiff gradients, only capable of taking trains consisting of a few coaches. Neither the one nor the other were in any way suitable to handle the greatly increased traffic of the Italians. Yet both the French and the natives found the increased transit activity most profitable, especially after the Italians supplemented the railway with road transport and streams of lorries arrived daily from Addis Ababa.

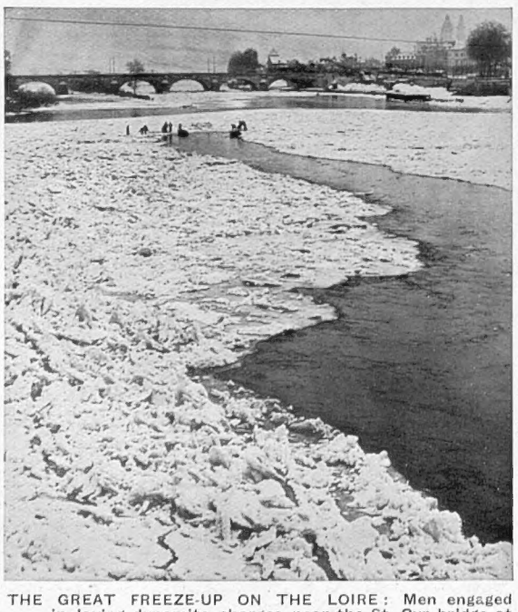
Meanwhile the building of the road from Massawa to Addis Ababa was going ahead, and the Italians were beginning to build a new port at Assab, with a road running through the Danakil Desert to Dessié. They found the transit dues at Jibuti a heavy burden, which they resented, and they wanted to have their own ports of access at Massawa and Assab. As soon as the Massawa-Addis Ababa road was finished, almost all the Italian traffic was diverted to this route, and the traffic by the Jibuti-Addis Ababa railway practically stopped. This flight of prosperity has been serious for Jibuti, which depends for its very life on this railway; and it looks as if French Somaliland will become a burden on the French Treasury unless some understanding is reached with the Italians.

As the purely Italian line of communication via Massawa means that passengers and goods have to travel 760 miles from Addis Ababa by motor transport driven by foreign petrol, the cost of this route has become a serious problem. The Italians feel that they are being compelled to use an inconvenient and expensive route owing to the high rates of the port of Jibuti and the railway, which are the natural outlet for Addis Ababa and the whole of central Abyssinia. Yet, in spite of the fact that the French are now taking steps to improve the port of Jibuti to meet changed conditions, and are prepared to do the same with regard to the railway, the Italians are also inclined to resent this as a sign that France has no intention of giving up Jibuti. As the French have no intention of doing this on any consideration, the only solution lies in a compromise such as an Italian free zone and greater control in the Jibuti-Addis Ababa railway.

E. W. Polson Newman

PARIS IN WINTER'S GRIP: Girls engaged in a snowball fight in the shadow of Notre Dame. Paris had a white Christmas but, as in London, the great thaw set in in definite fashion as the holiday came to an end

THE LITTLE SINGERS OF THE WOODEN CROSS giving their Christmas midnight concert in the Church of St. Germain Auxerrois, Paris, a recital that was attended by a vast congregation. The singers are sons of simple working men, and have their quarters in the picturesque little rue des Rigoles in Belleville. Their director is the Abbé Maillet, and they were organised in 1907, when a group of students decided to revive old church music



THE GREAT FREEZE-UP ON THE LOIRE: Men engaged in laying dynamite charges near the St. Cyr bridge at Tours as they broke up the mighty ice floes which were seriously threatening the stability of the bridge

Christmas in France

WHEN NATURE SLUMBERS

The Spirit of Sleep Is Abroad in the Woodlands, and only the Owl Bestirs Himself in the Long Night Watches

WITHIN the woodlands the Spirit of Sleep is abroad to-day, for it is full winter-time; and with the winter there comes a long period of rest for many of Nature's children. The trees are dormant, and by now most of them have cast away their leafy mantles, although here and there as to this some reluctance is still manifest. And thus, in this spot amid the entanglements of branch and twig, a cluster of russet oak leaves, a yellowing disc upon the hazelbush, a straggle of green upon the briar—all these may yet be noted.

Upon the earth there lies a richly-variegated carpet, ankle deep, which is undoubtedly an ornament to the forest, for the prevailing hues are sober in their tone. That, from a practical point of view, this rustling carpet also has its uses is evident. For here, amongst the sundry unevennesses of the ground, concealed by the prickled branches of a bramble bush, there rises a small mound of leaves. This might seem to resemble many another of the neighbouring hillocks as to its outward appearance. But within it, below the thick coverlet, there reposes one of the wild folk, wrapped in a warm and close slumber.

Ensconced thus in privacy has the hedgehog elected to pass the dull weeks of this bleak season. He has fashioned for himself a couch of dry leaves to lie upon; he has drawn about himself a warm blanket of the same; and so, oblivious to the world outside, he sleeps in luxury, curled up into a compact ball. Beneath the turf, beside a large-sized stone, there is, not far away, yet another sleeper, where the slow-worm has entrenched himself against the cold.

This curious creature, albeit snake-like in his appearance, is a true lizard, and not a snake at all. He is highly useful to mankind, for his staple diet consists of slugs and snails. When the chill weather has established itself, fed to repletion he retires from the scene and hides within his chosen sheltering place until the milder days are here once more. A pale sun is shining faintly and it throws a silvery light upon the intricate tracery of the twigs, upon the bold outline of the massive branches. In this way the whereabouts are now revealed of yet another individual taking his rest.

High up in an ancient oak tree near at hand is a great conglomeration of material where the squirrel has made his drey; and where he, too, is at present tucked away in the extreme of comfort. And thus are the spaces of the forest very quiet nowadays . . .

But as regards the bird people—those beings possessed of so immense a vitality—they, with few exceptions, are wide awake; and although many of them are out in the fields and the ploughlands, still, not infrequently, some notes may be heard, some feathery form may be espied about the trees and undergrowth in the woods.

So the magpie clatters past, through the tree tops—a fine figure clad in black and white and deep blue. And when he has gone, a tiny voice can be heard from a young conifer, about whose thick branches a small and exquisite creature is at play—a fragile goldcrest. He is so very small, only 3½ ins. in size, but nevertheless he has successfully traversed vast distances, and crossed a wide ocean, in order to reach this land of ours. As he flits from twig to twig he is almost indistinguishable from his surroundings, but when he makes a momentary pause—which is seldom, for he is of a restless nature—the beauty of his miniature form is apparent.

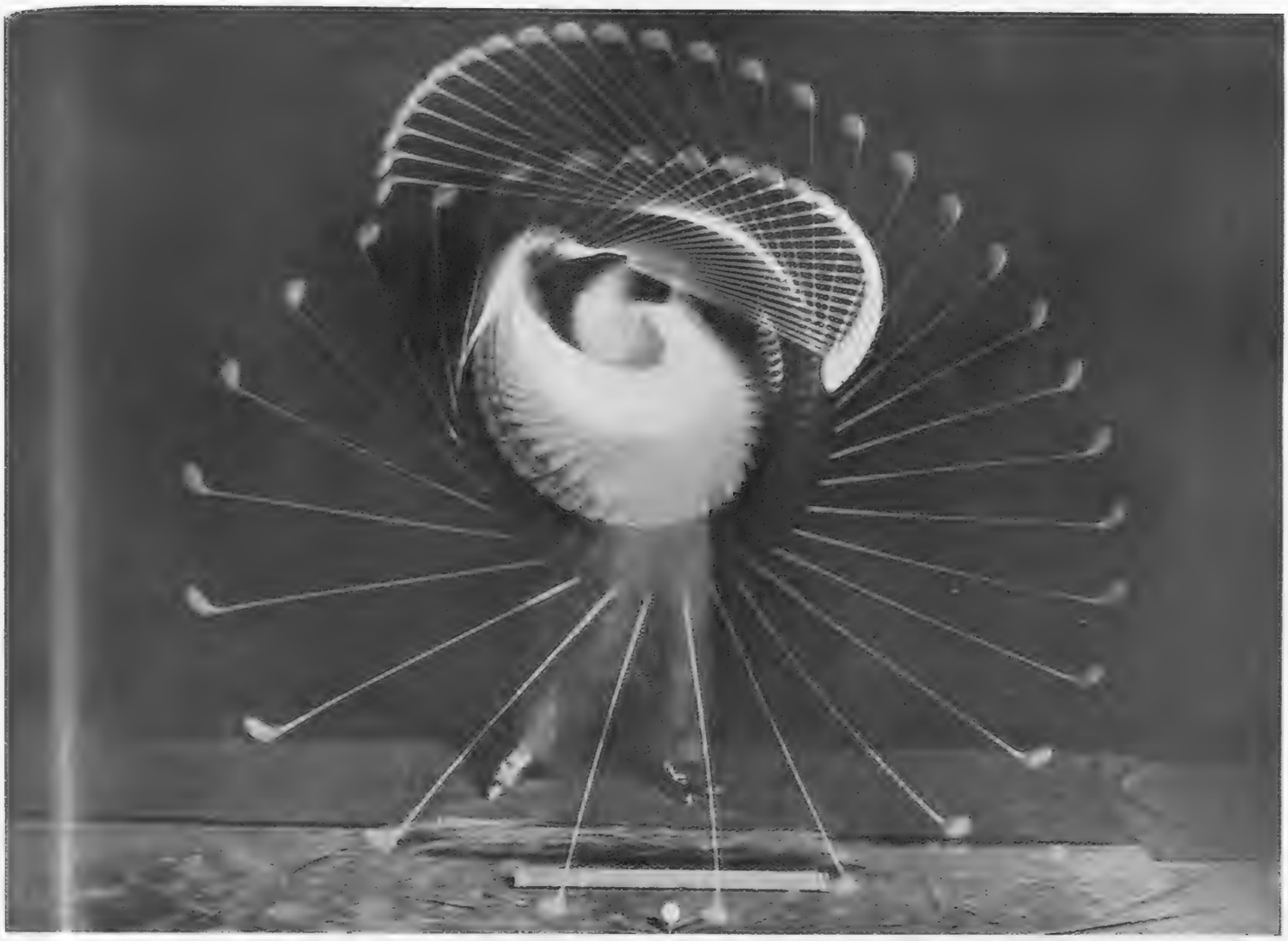
Well concealed within the recesses of a high tree, an owl is dozing. He is not as often to be met with as some others of his species, for he is a long-eared owl. The two so-called "ears," or tufts, from which he derives his name stand erect upon his head. His colour scheme consists of varying shades of buff and brown and of a reddish yellow hue with markings and striations all about it. Close at hand is the nest of the squirrel; and, no doubt, in passing by this the bird has frequently cast interested glances towards it. The reason for this interest lies in the fact that, at times, these owls decide to annex the discarded home of a squirrel and to make use of it for the nesting season.

There is a pleasant touch of fresh colour in the glade near by, for there a company of ferns have grouped themselves, and their green fronds help to fill in the emptiness of scene at this time when plant life is rare and flowers almost non-existent.

When the shades of evening fall, for the most part the sleepers slumber on. The long-eared owl, however, bestirs himself, and he then sallies forth to seek his supper.

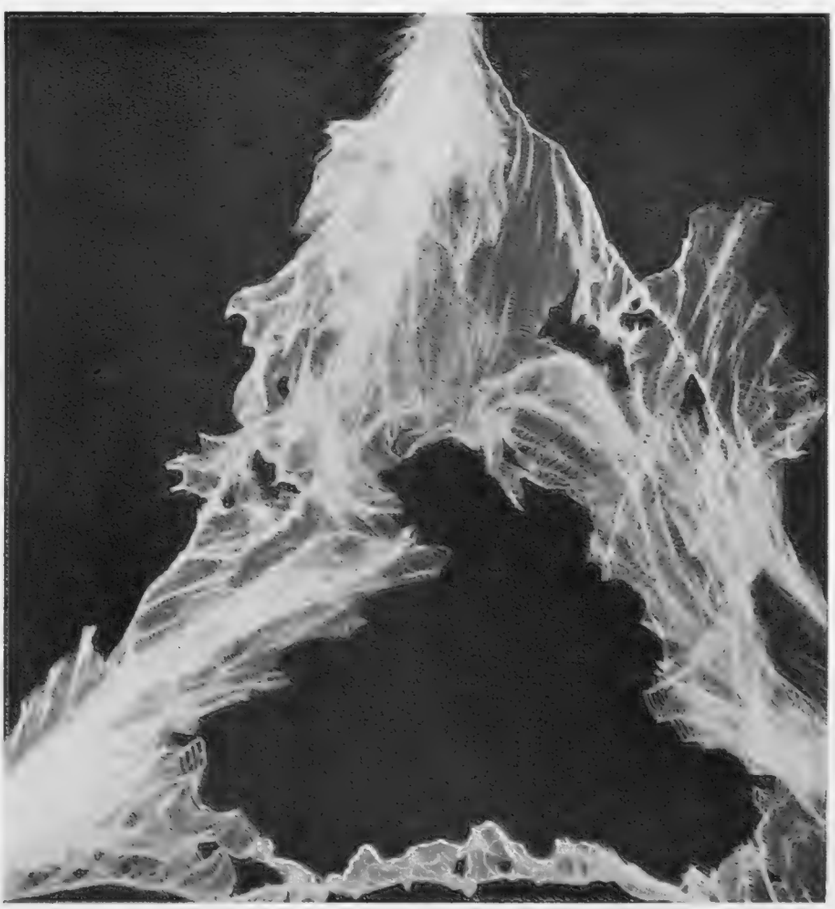
Muriel W. Haywood

CURIOSITIES IN THE REALM OF SCIENCE



HOW BOBBY JONES DOES IT: By a new process of ultra-speed photography this multiple-flash picture, consisting of a sequence of exposures each lasting one hundred-thousandth of a second with an interval of one-hundredth of a second between, was made as the great American golfer completed a swing with his driver. The picture was taken during a recent New York demonstration of this new photographic development, and it is explained that a darkened room was used for the purpose, the camera lens remained open throughout, and each phase of the drive was recorded when the scene was illuminated by flashes from a stroboscopic light

PROOF, IF PROOF BE NEEDED, that London has been passing through a spell of icy weather is supplied by the fact that the water in this bottle, used for supplying the wet bulb thermometer at Kew Observatory, was found to be completely frozen over one morning at the beginning of last week, making, it will be observed, a highly picturesque pattern



WHAT ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING LOOKS LIKE: This triangular flare of lacy light resulted from the discharge of 1,500,000 volts of three-phase alternating current at sixty cycles. The picture was taken at a demonstration given by the American General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Mass. The spark points at each corner of the picture are 9 ft. apart. The human eye is neither quick enough nor highly-tuned enough to perceive some of these lines

PERSONALITIES OF 1938: Men and Women Who Made History in Many Fields During the Past Year

EUROPE'S FOUR BIG LEADERS IN 1938: Premier Chamberlain, whose flights for peace to Godesberg and Munich captured the world's imagination; Premier Daladier, who aroused France to full consciousness of her economic danger and took the nation's finances in hand; Chancellor Hitler, whose triumphs Ferdinand Tuohy declares are essentially on the surface, unmistakable though they have been; and Signor Mussolini, who has now, Mr. Tuohy adds, entered upon a very difficult period of his career

By FERDINAND TUOHY

I AM beginning to count my age by the annual appearance of this article, this being the sixth, and what a queer human salad would be the whole collection of selected names if bundled together.

As usual, a world perspective shall be striven for, one's own country as far as possible kept in proportion. As usual, the choice shall range beyond rulers and statesmen, so often forming three-quarters of this kind of compendium. But a third matter crops up this year. A letter received last January advised that I always omitted the things—and inferentially the people—that really mattered in the history of a year. The note was brief. Just that. It did not help by indicating what the "things" in question were. Far less so did it supply the missing personalities for 1937, who should have been bracketed with them.

But the criticism went home, and here is the letter now on the table. And having just come out of a prolonged self-huddle—unpleasant affair—it seems to me that the "things" might be enumerated under eight headings: Religion, philanthropy, medicine, sociology, education, science, invention, the arts.

Having studied the above list far too long, I have a strong suspicion that my correspondent is an habitual mislayer of perspective, the kind of person who sees a perfect candidate but overlooks that he or she is not a world character. The above eight spheres appear to yield the smallest number of names, reason seeming to be that in several of them the real people, the "personalities," simply do not come to the surface, being inherently unspectacular.

In 1937 "Religion" was straddled by Dr. Lang for his Coronation tour-de-force. The fading year, 1938, suggests the Pope, Cardinal Innitzer and possibly the Grand Mufti. The religious revival has not occurred, and one espies no new group or movement—people would not like "Father Divine" in this galley.

Pius XI is experiencing one of the most extraordinary endings to a pontificate in all the 2,000 years since St. Peter. Also, one of the saddest. At long last, against all his patriotism, it has dawned on his Holiness where his real enemies lie. That alone might break a heart. Added to it, Pope Pius now speaks almost as from the tomb. It is as if this Vicar of Christ, whom I saw on his greatest day, in his *sedia gestatoria*, as if this venerable priest stricken by mortally torturing ills, refuses as yet to die, believing that his own continued earthly presence may help.

Of the Cardinal of Vienna, what can one say but that his was the most inexplicable ecclesiastical gaffe on the modern record? *Why* did he say and sign "Heil Hitler"? *Why* did he give the Nazi salute? Heaven only knows, with the accent on the Heaven. Any schoolboy could have told his Eminence what was imminently coming to him. He had but to glance across at the long travail of his more backboned brother Cardinal of Munich.

The Philanthropy of 1938 at once suggests Lord Nuffield who is, in truth, becoming rather more than a philanthropist and motor manufacturer. He may be qualifying for that vague if satisfying definition "a national institution." "The English John D. Rockefeller"; yes, but something much more human.

Medicine. Well, shock some as it may, I plump outright for Dr. Aleck Bourne, with the courageous Lord Horder, whose support of the accused must have actively affected the verdict, as runner-up.

Sociology. Who? And the same for Education and for Science which a year ago gave Papanin and Co. on their icefloe. Nor can one do any better for Invention, nearly all of which seems to be going into rearmament and is therefore held secret. Across the ocean they have invented coloured cigarette smoke, anti-skid floor wax, auto horns that talk, and, as a special tit-bit, sound movies of our insides, but do these matter to the glorious March of Progress?

Art fortunately does provide a name, Walt Disney. Conceivably, too, Pearl Buck, Nobel winner.

Ever since this assessment was begun four names have headed it: Roosevelt, Stalin, Hit and Muss. Three of them have to go in again this year, but it is difficult to include Stalin who does not seem to have loomed conspicuously, save in the matter of purging those in high places around him.

His year's activities may not quite entitle him to a place beside the other three, each of whom has been fairly hurling forth his personality week after week.

And the result of this thunderbolt business? Mr. Roosevelt has lost ground and must proceed more cautiously. Herr Hitler's has been a year of triumph on the surface; underneath, nationally, languishes perhaps a different longing to his. I recently suspected many Germans of being fed up with all the boy and girl marching and shouting and stamping. I thought I found them longing to say to their Führer: "We now have a wonderful opportunity to exploit in central Europe and the Balkans. Let us get on with it. Give us real peace. You know absolutely as well as we do that no one in the wide world aims at attacking us."

As for the Duce, he is approaching the trickiest part of his game. Has he retrieved the prestige he lost by the Austrian coup being bounced on him? He needed to be some dictator to get through with it at all, the overnight appearance of the hereditary enemy on the Brenner. At which I hear a voice in Rome saying: "My time will come. You watch!"

Actually, an Englishman for once outstripped them all. It has been a Chamberlain year, which is no reflection one way or the other on the wisdom or method of the Prime Minister's efforts. From end to end of Europe the word "Chamberlain" has become a household word, and how varyingly pronounced. Those last-second September flying efforts would have struck the imagination of an ox. That they achieved a result in so far as they fixed more firmly than ever the yearning for peace in scores of millions of hearts is unarguable, but the unfortunate thing is that dictators do not pay the heed they should to that, which is the difficulty.

Edouard Daladier has dominated the French year, a sad and serious, sincere and honest citizen, with fight, but also a hesitancy that he is surmounting. A guess is that he is sick unto death of the French party system, its suicidal capriciousness, and so are lots of people, natives of, or admirers and more, of France. A second Clemenceau? Why should he be? How silly, that kind of babble. Daladier is simply the best all-round proposition France can put up. Not many of my Paris ex-colleagues will disagree with that. Nor that Paul Reynaud and Generalissimo Gamelin complete a trio comprising the best ability and character at present available in the republic.

To qualify here by dying, one's departure must leave a permanent mark. Ataturk, D'Annunzio. Some might add Queen Marie. The grief for the first was real grief, and not only in Turkey. A great spirit. A builder amid deliberately sought peace, in a country that had been more severely punished than Germany herself.

Apart from inspiring this Italy, D'Annunzio was almost certainly the last of his kind, a figure out of Florence in the fifteenth century.

If in quite lesser category, Queen Marie was a woman of a kind that does not happen often. Some day film material must surely be found in her feverish life's story, tapering away to meditation. I would start matters with the departure of a British princess from her native land, matrimonially exported while still a schoolgirl. Probably the nauseous process has now ceased, *faute de* bridegrooms.

Strange how the wars produce no new and striking personalities. Franco and Queipo are there, same as a year ago, and what can one add? So is Miaja and—well, who else? As for Japan—where a Nodzu or a Nogi?

Of twenty-seven who comprised this assessment a year ago, five earn their places again. King Carol, Herr von Ribbentrop, Chiang Kai-Shek, Eyston, and Danielle Darrieux.

King Carol is now rightly recognised as a person of first-class importance on the European chessboard, and if this country mislays him, it will be a pity because his Majesty is most fond of it. A man who both reigns and rules is taking the dickens of a risk. But that has not deterred this descendant of Victoria the Great. As a fact, the risk is now increasing by Rumania being cut off in the farthest corner of Europe proper.

The German Foreign Minister has enjoyed almost a Metternichian year. His deep-laid plans came to fruition as desired. He had advised and guided his Führer accurately. His next attempt may be an effort to wean France from ourselves.

Eyston has done 350 m.p.h. Why, is not clear, but, then, I am heavily prejudiced in favour of slow progression. Possibly the speed urge was knocked out of me early on, for having had to run, to tear, to school so often. Heart disease is bred that way. Poor, growing boys, made to go all out on undigested breakfasts.

Danielle Darrieux seems capable of playing any role, but will she stop overdoing the Chevalier lip? In passing, have you noticed how the French have produced successors, on the films, to the famous Four Musketeers of the '20's, Cochet, Borotra, Lacoste, Brugnon? The international success of Gabin, Boyer, Blanchar, Fresnay, is a feather the French should be prouder of than they are.

Each country sees its own big sticks. Yet the detached observer finds it difficult to follow the line of vision. Last year South America provided President Vargas. In 1938, a blank. Whole stretches of the Continent tell the same story! Recently I made a point of asking names for this article, in many lands. What I got simply were not "names."

Austria yielded Schuschnigg who showed grit at Berchtesgaden, yet why did he ever go there? More Austrian inexplicableness! One would almost imagine he made the trip in order to demonstrate that he had got guts, he, the son of an ennobled Austrian soldier would show the Austrian ex-paperhanger how!

A second figure from the depths, Benes, no doubt reckoned that the famous Western democracies would realise in time that their interest, even fate, was wrapped up in a British-French-Czech-Rumanian-Russian stand. Time must tell, that is all one can say. A battle without precedent is in progress, where 90 per cent. want to live in peace, and the remainder, the other thing. ("Wrong on both sides," yes, of course.)

Lord Runciman was sprung upon us from what one had thought was a pained retirement. He found Czechs and Sudetens could not live side by side. Czechs found that "having wonderful time" should have been his lordship's weekly postcard home from the great pro-German estates.

Admiral Horthy rode into the recovered Magyar territory on a white horse. His fond hope is to ride into lots more recovered territory, whether Magyar or not, before he or his white horse gives up the ghost. Meanwhile, he will be preoccupied somewhat à la Hindenburg, though not a bit senilely, with canalising the arrival of Nazi-ism in his fair land that (politics apart) "we all love so," to recover from Noel Coward.

Count Ciano has had a full year of further tuition at the hands of father-in-law. Very pro-German and much of the fire-eater, the Count is nowadays present at nearly every important interview or occasion at which the Duce makes a personal appearance. Count Ciano bodes ill for peace and would not mind it being said.

One would love to have a stronger conviction that Lord Halifax will finish up as Lord Halipax. He, too, has had a full year. But it will be a bad day for him, in the caricature line, if he finally runs foul of the Axis, because he is the very type, features and framework that Italian and German caricaturists dress up in kilts, long faces, whisky bottles and pipes, and label "John Bull."

Mr. Duff Cooper merits inclusion. A combative fellow, foreigners see in him a positive side of this England. For the Nazis, he is the chief warmonger, as every young Nazi is beginning to know. For the democrats, well, his was the only foreign portrait on display in Prague.

(Continued on page 562)

AIR NEWS of the Moment

LIVERPOOL'S MODERN AIRPORT :

On left—Looking beneath the nose of the Railway Air Services liner "Venus" to the modern buildings of Liverpool Airport, which is considered to be quite one of the most up to date in the country and recently impressed a delegation when it visited the airport with the object of acquiring ideas for developments in London. Rising in the centre of the block is the control tower, and the whole building is arranged in terrace formation, thus providing a perfect grandstand for spectators

AMERICA'S NEW NAVY BLIMP :

On right — America still believes in the airship, though not to the extent that once she did, and this blimp — the *K.2* — is the latest to be delivered to the U.S. Navy for acceptance trials. The *K.2* is 246 ft. long, has an overall height of 76 ft., is powered by two 550 h.p. motors, and accommodates a crew of seven in its steel tube cabin. The envelope is filled with 400,000 cubic feet of helium, the non-inflammable gas of which the U.S. has a monopoly and which Mr. Harold Ickes, the administration's fighting Secretary of the Interior, recently refused to sell to Germany for her latest Zeppelin

AN ITALIAN PLANE'S DESERT CRASH :

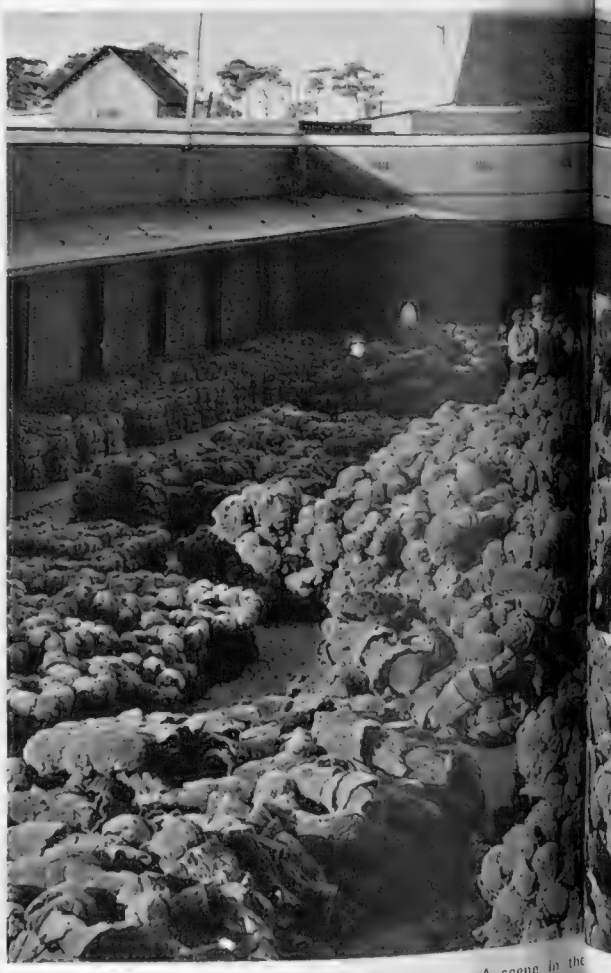
On left — This machine, belonging to the Ala Littoria, crashed while travelling from Bengazi, Italian North Africa, across the Libyan desert and all the occupants were severely injured, one of them dying on arrival in hospital. The entire undercarriage was smashed but, strangely enough, much of the glass in the fuselage windows remained intact

THE SPONG

Sights and Scenes at a Famous Fishery Off the Florida Coast

A SPONGE DIVER AT WORK OFF THE FLORIDA COAST near Tarpon Springs, one of the great centres of the sponge industry. It was not until the advent of microscopical research that it was definitely proved that sponges are animals and not plants, and, indeed, no considerable scientific knowledge on the subject was evolved before the last century. *Below*—A diver of Tarpon Springs having his helmet removed

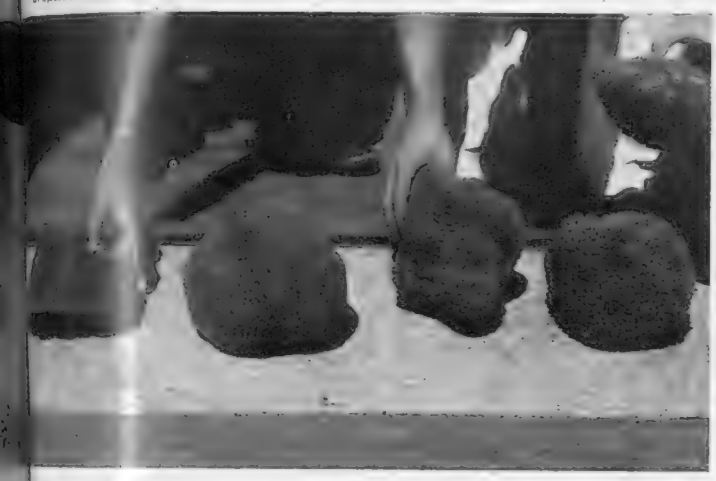
HOW SPONGES ARE GATHERED FROM THE SEA-BED: A fisher- man demonstrating the use of the trident which he takes beneath the surface when he goes down in his diving suit. He has to use discrimination in selecting sponges as the removal of too many young organisms may harm the next season's harvest



WHEN THE WORLD'S BUYERS FORGATHER: A scene in the market at Tarpon Springs showing the various grades of sponges laid out for the inspection of visiting agents who attend the Tuesday and Friday auction sales. A curious fact about the

NGE HARVEST AT TARPON SPRINGS

EN THE SPONGE FLEET IS IN PORT: A scene at the docks at Tarpon Springs, the great sponge-fishing centre on the west coast of Florida. The boats usually go out for a fortnight or three weeks at a time and, on returning, the quayside presents an astonishing spectacle with sponges of many shapes and sizes covering every inch of space as they are laid out for sorting. Hosts of visitors come to Tarpon during the year as it is no very great journey, by American standards, from Palm Beach and Miami, Florida's fashionable east coast resorts. At Tarpon they are able to see the whole process, although it is not a very complicated one, and invariably they take away one of the choice sheep's wool sponges which are a speciality of the Florida coast, differing widely both in size and in texture from those that are found in Mediterranean waters



Of FOR MARKET: Grades of sponge found in the Tarpon Springs fisheries, ranging from the coarse type of porifera on the left to the superfine textured product. Although the world's knowledge of the habits of sponges was limited until the last century, their existence was none the less known to the ancients, Aristotle recognising several of the different Mediterranean varieties

that if the price does not please the seller he is not obliged to let a , being allowed to hold it over until the next sale when a better offer obtained. The sponges, it will be noted, are rather dark in texture, to give them a better colour, being carried out by other concerns

A FINE HAUL: Sponges lying on the deck of one of the fishing boats two days after they had been taken from the water. The smell of these dying creatures is indescribable, and it is only the fact that the fishermen have been in the business all their lives that they are able to remain unaffected by it. Few strangers would choose to go out in a sponge-fishing boat

THE HOLED BOWS OF THE SPANISH DESTROYER "JOSE LUIS DIEZ": The warship is now lying in Gibraltar harbour into which she limped a short while ago after an engagement with rebel vessels. She is weighted at the stern in order to bring her bows up, thus keeping the holed area above the waterline

SPAIN'S WAR OF SURPRISES

A Review of the Civil Conflict in 1938 from the Fight Before Teruel to the Mighty Battle of the Ebro

By CHARLES DUFF

The writer of this article was for many years an official in the Foreign Office, and a specialist in Spanish affairs. He knows Spain well and has visited it during the present struggle. In the following account, all mention of politics is omitted. Only the military situation is dealt with.

THE first days of 1938 saw the Spanish Nationalists recovering from the Government's attack on Teruel, that dangerous arrowhead which pointed towards Valencia, a vital point on Madrid's life-line. The attack on Teruel came as a complete surprise not only to the outside world, but to General Franco's army, and, as we look back on it, we cannot but wonder what the Nationalist Intelligence Service had been doing in that sector. The hitherto almost uninterrupted progress of the insurgents had lulled most people into believing that, at any moment they chose, they could continue to advance.

Military observers in Government territory occasionally reported that the Ministry of Defence under Señor Indalecio Prieto had worked steadily to create a new army, that the new army was in being, and that it was now well equipped and well disciplined. But it had not yet achieved anything more than a sturdy defence of the line of battle. Early in December of 1937 it was common knowledge that General Franco was massing men and material on the Guadalajara front, and that a heavy attack there might be expected early in the new year. It was completely thwarted by the well-conceived Government operations against Teruel on December 15. The town and much territory around it was occupied, and the Nationalists had to move down from Guadalajara all the men and material they had collected there in order to stop an advance which at one point threatened to cut the railway which runs from Calatayud to Teruel—the life-line of all the Nationalist troops in the sector.

From the beginning of the war, General Franco has made it a principle to retake any territory captured from him by the Government forces; and in this respect the Teruel sector was no exception. Steadily he drove back his opponents to their old positions, in a struggle in which every inch of ground was contested. The battle, which started in mid-December, continued until February 21 before he reoccupied the town of Teruel itself, now little more than a shell after intense bombardments by both sides in the criss-cross movements of the struggle. It was not until some weeks later that the whole of the lost territory was regained. The attack in the Teruel sector was intended as a diversion, and the prolonged resistance of the Loyalists against a series of heavy counter-attacks—a resistance which lasted over three months—makes it one of the major battles of this most bitter war.

Apart altogether from the question of territory won or lost, Teruel provided certain important lessons, perhaps the most important being that it gave cogent proof that the new Government army was capable of *attack* as well as of defence. In other words, that it was a very different organisation from the old, hastily equipped and undisciplined militias which had hitherto held the field. The hopes of all in the Government camp began to run high, soon to be brought back to reality by a new and widespread advance of the Nationalists in Aragón. On March 9 General Franco began his great drive in that region—a drive which was to bring him to the coast at Vinaroz on April 15. From the Government point of view, this was by far the gravest event in a war in which many factors were operating against them. By it the Loyalist territory was divided into two zones.

General Franco's forces continued their advance southwards from Vinaroz. On June 17 they took the important town of Castellón, and on July 8 Nules, beyond which they have advanced only a few miles. In the north—against Catalonia—the Nationalist advance was even more impressive, for after a brief lull they began a series of offensives between Caspe and Alcaniz. In all these offensives they advanced steadily into Government territory—hundreds of square miles were taken. One Nationalist operation was calculated to cut off the frontier railway station of Puigcerdá; another was intended to cut off Barcelona from the southern area of Catalonia in Government Spain.

Although considerable advances were made in these offensives, and events looked so black for the Loyalists that many competent observers believed that the war was virtually ended, yet the Government forces rallied and stopped the tide. Neither Puigcerdá nor Tarragona fell, and General Franco was compelled, in the face of Catalan resistance, to turn his attention again to the southern zone, where Sagunto (a heavy industry centre) and Valencia (third city of Spain, and an important port feeding Madrid) invited him. He attacked on a front of nearly 50 miles, one end of which was towards Teruel, the other on the sea, and it was this coastal end in which his attacks were directed with greatest intensity, the first objective being Sagunto.

The Government general staff well knew the danger of this last operation. From Sagunto to Valencia is about 20 miles, and there is a good road and a railway. Hence, the Nationalist attacks must be held at all costs. Once again was heard the cry: *No pasarán*—"They shall not pass"—the slogan of the defenders of Madrid. Old General Miaja, the hero of that famous defence, became Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the southern zone. He moved his headquarters to Valencia, and began elaborate preparations, which included the mobilisation of every man and boy capable of wielding a pick or shovel, to build a network of trenches and fortifications in an area which lends itself to such defences.

During the first three weeks of July the fighting in the Sagunto sector became the most intense of the war. Now, armies faced each other and fought with artillery on a scale comparable with the operations in France in 1918. The war in the air was even much more elaborate. One may query General Miaja's ability as a tactician or strategist, but there is one branch of the military art in which he excels: the psychology of inspiring his men to resist. For, although the forces against him were fresher and better equipped, and had a great superiority in both artillery and aviation, his army fought valiantly for each kilometre of ground.

On July 25 the Government army provided the greatest surprise in a war of surprises by a bold crossing of the River Ebro at three points and over a front of 30 miles. They maintained this well-planned offensive well into August. It was another diversion like Teruel, this time to relieve hard-pressed General Miaja at Sagunto. In it an area of over 400 sq. miles was captured; and the city of Gandesa threatened. Nationalist attacks against Sagunto ceased. General Franco had to bring men and material from other fronts to stem the Government advance. Then began the greatest battle of the war—the battle of the Ebro.

Now, both sides threw all their weight into a desperate struggle. Living up to his principle, General Franco determined to recapture the lost territory, and did so, but not until November, by which date both sides settled down to hold their positions. How things will develop cannot be foreseen. There is, however, one factor which must not be overlooked: surprise. For this war has provided more surprises than any other of modern times. In the circumstances, prophecy would be futile.

CONSTRUCTING A MACHINE-GUN NEST in the Government lines on the Ebro front, which are once again back on the left bank of the river, the across river salient having been recaptured by the Nationalist forces in November

GENERAL FRANCO SALUTES THE MEMORY OF THE LATE GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA: A picture taken on the steps of Burgos Cathedral following a service held to mark the second anniversary of the death of the former Spanish dictator

WAR ON THE EBRO FRONT: Where Government Troops and Insurgents have been Fighting the Fiercest Battle of the Civil War

PRELUDE TO A FIVE-MONTH BATTLE: This steel bridge across the River Ebro at Mora de Ebro was dynamited by Government troops when they retreated last July before the terrific onslaught of General Franco's men who at the time were in the ascendant and were obviously optimistic of capturing Valencia itself. Thereafter, however, the Government resistance stiffened and their troops, with a surprise attack, re-crossed the river and, taking up positions which they swiftly strengthened with concrete, held on until November before being driven back once again by the insurgents who had in the meanwhile lost 40,000 men—a victory hardly-won indeed. Now both armies face each other across the river and last week it was reported that fighting was at a standstill owing to the cold

VETERAN OF THE EBRO: This Government soldier has fought for five months on the river front and has seen quite some of the most desperate encounters of the civil war

THE NEW BRIDGE AT MORA DE EBRO which was constructed by the Government sappers to facilitate the passage of troops following the surprise counter offensive by which they regained their foothold on the northern side of the river in the late summer. They held on to their re-won positions until November 7 when this bridgehead was taken by Franco's men in an operation involving big losses. Franco is now reported to be on the verge of a further drive

On left
A LETTER FROM HOME: A Government soldier reading a letter in the main square of a village on the Ebro front where there is at present a lull in activity

On right
A BATH IN THE EBRO: Government soldiers bathing in the river during one of the rare lulls in the fighting last summer

THE RUSH FOR RA

Life in the New Mining Area on the Sh

THE "ELDORADO RADIUM SILVER EXPRESS": This plane, operated by Mackenzie Airways, links Edmonton, Alberta, with the radium mining area on the Arctic Circle in Canada's far north and every week it carries to the pioneers mail, fresh eggs, and vegetables, thus giving them a measure of comfort in a land of bitter cold and lacking in practically every amenity of civilisation. At one time aeroplanes used to carry the pitchblende to the Port Hope refinery, but now the business of radium production has progressed beyond that, and the pitchblende is dispatched southwards by steamer when the rivers are navigable

ON THE EDGE OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: This is Radium Café, an i near the shores of Great Bear Lake where the radium miners c to talk of home. The waitress at Radium Café is Miss Dorothy parlour in Calgary, but decided to go north so that she co

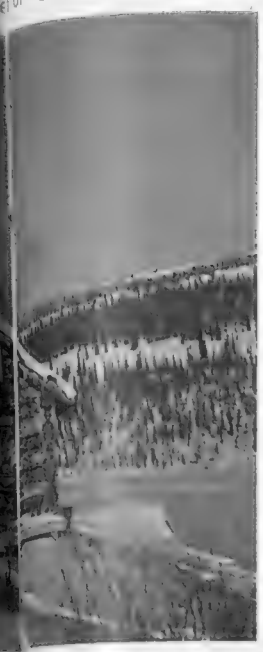
DRILLING 500 FT. BELOW THE ARCTIC PLAINS: Miners at work in the Eldorado Radium Mine near the shores of Great Bear Lake. Less than a decade ago radium was discovered there by Gilbert LaBine and now the enterprise he fostered has grown to such an extent that Canadian radium is rivalling that from the Congo on the world's markets

HANDLING SACKS OF PITCHBLENDE CONCENTR 450 tons of ore mined in the Great Bear Lak rivers become navigable and each summer it is s Lake Superior where one gramme of the precio

AN Arctic boom in Canada's north-west ter tories has been followed by a rush of flying prospectors to an unexploited country larger than Europe. In 1938, exactly forty years after the gold rush to the Yukon, pioneers again search f gold, silver, cobalt—and radium. The discover of huge radium deposits on the shores of the Great Bear Lake, some 28 miles south of the Arctic circle broke the ghostly silence of the north. An endle no man's land was divided up into stakes where the prospectors of to-day follow in the footsteps of their equally hardy, early forerunners of the Klondyke.

...IUM IN CANADA'S ARCTIC

...Shore of Great Bear Lake



...afé, an ...but cheerful rendezvous lying ...miners co...e from time to time, mostly ...Dorothy B...who once worked in a beauty ...She could ...her fiancé, the proprietor

...CONCENTRA... ...at Bear Lake... ...mmer it is s... ...f the precio...

...0 tons of which are obtained from every ...e pitchblende is stored until the Canadian ...iles south to the refinery at Port Hope on ...obtained from each 10 tons of concentrate

...-west terri... ...sh of flying ... ...larger than ... ...s after the ... ...n search for ... ...he discovery ... ...of the Great ... ...Arctic circle. ... ...An endless ... ...es where the ... ...steps of their ... ...e Klondyke.

...years ago over what is to-day LaBine ...the Great Bear Lake, 28 miles below the ...cle, flew Gilbert LaBine, a prospector ...to, with his friend, Leigh Britnell, and ...Charles. The LaBines had set out to ...r silver, copper and cobalt, and when ...r the Great Bear Lake, Gilbert suddenly ...ocks peeping out from behind the snow ...e landscape. He ordered his pilot to ...ce of the lake. Britnell flew on west-...Yukon. The LaBines were left behind ...lbs. of provisions and a sled.

(*Continued on page* 562)

THE WATER STORAGE TANK AT THE ELDORADO MINE stands on a hillock above Great Bear Lake and during the greater part of the year is clothed with icicles. As a protection against the biting cold it is embedded in sawdust, thus ensuring an adequate water supply both for industrial and domestic use. The radium miners think nothing of frozen pipes, however, for their lives are beset with other and greater difficulties that seldom if ever confront the city dweller

THE ORE RATTLES ON AN ENDLESS CONVEYOR TO THE MILL after being brought from the depths of the Eldorado mine at Great Bear Lake, and here we see an assorter at work picking out high-grade minerals

On left—
GILBERT LABINE, the man who discovered the radium deposits on the Arctic Circle and who has thus helped to pioneer the opening up of a territory just about the size of Europe

On right—
A RADIUM SAFE specially constructed with heavy lead lining to prevent the emanations exerting any harmful influence

THE STRANGE STORY OF ROYAUMONT

The Abbey Created by the Wealth of Louis VIII, Assaulted by Vandal Hands During the Revolution, and Now on the Verge of a New and Illustrious Era

IN THE CLOISTERS OF ROYAUMONT, the old abbey which is now being converted by M. Henri Gouin into what it is hoped will be an international centre for students of music, literature, and art. It lies about 35 kilometres to the north of Paris and not far from Chantilly

THE ABBEY AND THE ABBOT'S PALACE AT ROYAUMONT: A reproduction from an old French print. While the abbey dates back to the thirteenth century, the palace belongs to the time of Louis XVI, having been built for the King's Almoner by the great architect, Louis Le Masson. Both buildings have been much mutilated at varying periods

PART of the famous abbey of Royaumont, 35 kilometres north of Paris, is at present being restored by its two owners, the Baron Fould-Springer and M. Henri Gouin. Royaumont is well known to music lovers, for it is here that M. Gouin, every month of June, organises a series of concerts. He is at present actively engaged in converting a number of the cells formerly occupied by the monks of the abbey into about thirty small rooms which will be inhabited by students who wish to attend his new international centre of culture for music and art. M. Gouin hopes to obtain the collaboration of leading figures in the world of French literature for the formation of this intellectual centre. Apart from concerts, which will take place regularly, it is also hoped to organise exhibitions of religious art. At the same time that M. Gouin is scheming this charitable undertaking and restoring the old kitchens of the abbey, the Baron Fould-Springer is engaged in completing the restoration of the abbatial palace. This was originally built by the Abbot Le Cornut de Ballivières, Almoner to Louis XVI. Accustomed to the pomp of the Court and inspired, perhaps, by the luxury of the Condé princes at nearby Chantilly, he called upon Louis Le Masson, the well-known architect, to erect this charming and beautifully-proportioned abbatial residence. Unfortunately, as happened to so many of the great domains of France, the building suffered considerably at the hands of its late nineteenth-century owners. The cornice of the roof was raised and the shape of all the windows was changed (the attractive Louis XV window panes were replaced by small, insignificant glass squares). Now, however, thanks to the diligence of the Baron Fould-Springer, the residence has been almost entirely restored to its former aspect and beautiful harmony of proportions (the interior *escalier à la Lyonnaise* is one of the most perfect examples of its kind).

The history of the abbey of Royaumont, so many aspects of which are well-nigh incredible in their drama, dates back to the time of Louis VIII. In his will he ordered that his jewels and crowns be sold and the money expended on the erection of "a monastery in honour and reverence of The Virgin." In 1228 his son Louis undertook the execution of his father's last dying wishes and, on the advice of his mother, Blanche de Castille, Regent of the kingdom, acquired land in the neighbourhood of the royal château at Asnières-sur-Oise. The following year the first construction work was completed and the king called twenty Cistercian monks to Royaumont. The total expense for the construction of the buildings amounted to about 100,000 livres, which, at that time, was considered enormous. The solemn consecration of the church of Notre-Dame de Royaumont took place on October 19, 1235. Queen Blanche de Castille and the king, with the young Queen Marguerite de Provence, assisted at the ceremony in the presence of a great gathering. Saint Louis had a marked predilection for Royaumont. Even when away from France during the Crusades, Louis IX did not forget his abbey. In 1249, in Damietta, he signed a charter in its favour.

The tombs of the princes at Royaumont are, in chronological order, those of Philippe de France, brother of the king, who died in 1235; Blanche de Castille, daughter of the king, who died in 1243; Jean de France, who died in 1248; and Louis de France, elder brother and heir-presumptive, who died in 1260.

There were many who followed the example of the king and gave numerous donations to the abbey. Charles V himself referred to Royaumont as one of the principal abbeys of France. From the early date of 1353, the history of Royaumont is a tragic one. That year Charles le Mauvais, King of Navarre, levied taxes on the abbey. Five years later a detachment of the army of the Black Prince threatened to pillage the abbey and only renounced this intention on the grant of a sum of money and supplies. The disorders of the Hundred Years War upset the calm life of the abbeys. In 1420, in virtue of the Treaty of Troyes, Royaumont yielded to the domination of the English.

With the advent of the revolution the fate of Royaumont became more and more disastrous. In 1790 it became a national domain and its worth and belongings estimated at 192,413 livres. Sold by public auction the following year, the abbey was acquired by le Marquis de Travannet for the sum of 642,341 livres. The name of this gentleman is associated with one of the worst acts of vandalism committed during the revolution; the deliberate demolition of the ancient church of Notre-Dame de Royaumont. In 1792 an unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the abbey. So the pillars of the church were partly sawn, like the trees of the forest, and then encircled with chains which were attached to oxen. With one or two violent strains the pillars gave way, the vaulting collapsed, and the roof and part of the walls fell in.

Le Marquis de Travannet then set up a cotton-mill factory in the ruins of the ancient abbey and engaged English workers. He built about twelve houses for the workers with the stones from the demolished church. The extension of the factory brought about further demolition: the vaulting in the monks' dormitory and the north gallery of the cloisters were destroyed.

In 1815, M. J. Vander Mersh and his wife, Anna Seale, of English nationality, transformed part of the monastery into a theatre where some of the early operettas of Flotow were played. The domain passed through several hands until 1898 when it was acquired by M. Jules Gouin. During the great war, MM. Edouard and Gaston Gouin placed the abbey at the disposition of the Red Cross, and the Scottish Women's Hospital was set up. From 1915 to 1919 Royaumont sheltered over 10,000 wounded.

This then is the strange story of Royaumont, "one of the principal abbeys of France," which is being so wonderfully restored by its owners.

Alexander Watt

A STATELY DOMAIN: The Abbot's Palace at Royaumont as it now appears in its almost restored state. It is a beautifully-proportioned building belonging to the Louis XVI era

GOTHIC DREAMLAND: The vaulted roof of the refectory in the Abbey of Royaumont. During the revolution a large part of this magnificent vaulting was wantonly destroyed

SKIERS' PARADISE: The winter sports enthusiast who takes the trouble to make the ascent of this ridge gains a magnificent view of the forest country through which the Indals river flows on its way through central Sweden to the Gulf of Bothnia. Sweden offers wonderful skiing opportunities and the snow conditions are said to be particularly good this year

Sweden Under Snow

CRYSTAL CURTAINS created by a frozen waterfall in central Sweden, and (*right*) a skier in the limitless northern snowfields where quite a number of winter sports enthusiasts make long tours at this season of the year, stopping at a different settlement each night. It is a wonderful way of making acquaintance with a people whose hospitality is proverbial

ANTIQUITIES of EAST and WEST

In London's "Victoria and Albert" and New York's "Metropolitan"

DATING FROM HISTORY'S DAWN:

This Chinese jar, which has lately been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, was found in Kansu by Professor J. G. Anderson, the famous geologist and discoverer of the "Peking Man." The jar dates from the first half of the third millennium B.C., revealing affinities with neolithic pottery found both in western Asia and Russia. The effortless freehand design and the brilliant rich brown and black colouring on the terra-cotta background combine to make it hardly believable that this decoration was conceived nearly 5,000 years ago

BLACK PAINT ON RUBY GLASS:

This striking roundel of stained and painted glass is of German workmanship of the late fifteenth century, and has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum from the W. R. Hearst collection. It is supposed to be the work of an anonymous artist known to students as the "Master of the Housebook." Quite obviously it must have come from his workshop if not actually executed by his hand, as it bears the stamp of his style which is still to be seen in a number of existing engravings, oil-paintings, drawings and designs for stained glass. The very lovely design of the background has been obtained by a covering of black paint over ruby glass, the paint being scraped off to form the pattern and reveal the transparent red beneath. The heraldic shield of the Austrian Empire is painted with a confident freedom, and the detailed treatment of the supporting armed knights reveals the touch of a master hand

A SPIRAL DRAGON IN BRONZE:

This pole end in the form of a spiral dragon belongs to the Middle Chou dynasty and was recently lent by the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art to the Exhibition of Chinese Bronzes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

TIEPOLO'S FLOWING GENIUS:

This painting, "The Apotheosis of the Spanish Monarchy," was completed in the 1760's by the Venetian artist, Tiepolo, for the newly-completed Royal Palace in Madrid, and it was much admired this year when included in an exhibition of the works of Tiepolo and his contemporaries held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. With Tiepolo, Venetian painting of the eighteenth century reached its height. In brilliance of colour, freedom of execution, and mastery of the problems of composition, Tiepolo stands almost shoulder to shoulder with his admired Veronese; his failure to equal him being due not to his own failings but to the spiritual sterility of his age. The scope of Venetian painting was limited by the social background. The dominance of frivolous and transient pleasures over the mind of Venice prevented her from having any really serious, philosophical, or religious painting

PRESERVING ENGLAND'S ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE

BEAUTY BLOSSOMS IN THE WEST: Between a grocer's and a hardware store in the High Street of old Glastonbury, home of Celtic romance in the heart of Somerset, stands the Abbot's Court House, which in 1932 was handed over to the guardianship of the Commissioners of Works who have now virtually completed the task of restoration. The facade of the Court House was built at the end of the fifteenth century by Abbot Richard Bere, and over the entrance are panels including the arms of Edward IV. Within are some fine oak ceilings and linenfold panelling which the public will now have an opportunity of seeing. Abbot Bere was an enthusiastic builder and, among other things, constructed a new set of chambers in which to entertain Henry VII on his march into the west against Perkin Warbeck

MORE LOVELY THAN EVER: The Angel Choir of Lincoln Cathedral has just emerged from its scaffolding following extensive repairs to masonry and roof, and it can now be seen again in all its glory. This gem of fourteenth-century architecture derives its name from the angel carvings in the spandrels of the triforium. It constitutes only one of the many differing styles that go to make this noble minster such an unrivalled object of study

THE RESTORATION OF WESTON ZOYLAND: An interior impression of this fine Somersetshire parish church which, after five years' work, has been completely restored at a cost of just over £8,000. Weston Zoyland is intimately connected with Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, for it was at neighbouring Sedgemoor that King James's men won their great victory and in the church that some of the rebels were incarcerated. Eight regiments which fought for the King at Sedgemoor have subscribed to the restoration

SEYMOUR HICKS MAKES A FEARSOME "CAPTAIN HOOK" In the London Palladium's pantomime, *Peter Pan*. Sir Seymour will celebrate his sixty-eighth birthday next month, but the youthful vigour and dash he displays on the stage make it difficult to believe

DRURY LANE'S BIG PANTOMIME: Stage manager Leonard de Renzi putting the chorus through its paces at one of the last rehearsals of *Babes in the Wood*. Fay Compton heads the cast of this show

PLAYS THAT PLEASED IN 1938

Reviewed by

IF 1938 has seen the production of a few thundering bad plays, it has also proved that the theatre still obstinately remains alive. The two best home productions have come from Wales—Mr. Charles Morgan's *The Flashing Stream* and Mr. Emlyn Williams's *The Corn is Green*. I am delighted at Mr. Morgan's popular success at the Lyric, though at the same time a little surprised. His play is brilliant, profound, and original. But it is more than a little difficult, and that not only because of its queer mixture of love and the higher mathematics. That it is continuing to flourish after a run of many months is not only pleasant for the author but a pat on the back for the theatre-going public, who, taking them by and large, are infinitely more intelligent than a good many people are apt to give them credit for.

Mr. Williams, having given us some poorish stuff about the lost Dauphin, the mysterious Louis XVII, has followed it up with his attractive comedy about a young Welsh lad who found himself to be possessed of brains and made full use of the discovery. Which goes for Mr. Williams himself, who plays the chief part. Mr. St. John Ervine is well up to form with his *Robert's Wife* and so is Miss Dodie Smith with *Dear Octopus*. An extremely serious, and very fine, play which has settled down into a long run is *Glorious Morning*; its success proves that people by no means jib at a propaganda play—this one is fiercely and justly anti-Bolshevik—if it is put over properly.

I did not think that that best-seller, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, had dramatic qualities in it, but it seems that it had, for the play at the Shaftesbury is another winner. Amusing farcical comedies of the *French Without Tears* brand, such as *When We are Married*, *Spring Meeting*, *Quiet Wedding*, and *Room for Two* continue to make money; and for sheer farce *Banana Ridge* would take some beating.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Geneva* is not G.B.S. at his very best, but in parts it comes somewhere near it and is drawing large audiences to the Saville, which is a large theatre. The other play which the Malvern Festival originally sponsored lacked something of James Bridie's usual ingenuity and, in spite of a superb performance by Sir Seymour Hicks, lasted only a few weeks.

There have been two interesting importations from America, *Idiot's Delight* and *Golden Boy*. The first, which was the better play of the two, was chiefly remarkable for the acting of Mr. Raymond Massey; it did not long survive the transference from the Apollo to His Majesty's with, in Mr. Massey's part, another actor, for whose performance I cared considerably less. There was also another American importation which was not important—lasting a few nights at the Haymarket, for which 1938 has not been a lucky year.

Musical-comedy was long ago declared to be dying. Yet the past year has seen it in a more vigorous condition than, possibly, it ever was before. *Me and My Girl* is reaching almost fantastic records, with its hit-number, "The Lambeth Walk," going all over the civilised world, that world not as yet showing any signs of being tired of it. *Running Riot*, which was not entirely as it should be on the first night, has for months and months been living up to its title, and Mr. Leslie Henson, buffoon of genius, has never been in better form. *Wild Oats* was not quite so good, but still—good. *Under Your Hat* is one of the best musical shows I have seen for ages and is likely to remain at the Palace until next Christmas; I am inclined to put down Miss Cicely Courtneidge's performance as the funniest of the year.

Bobby Get Your Gun, at the Adelphi, has many excellent features, chief of them being that strange but arresting personality, Miss Gertrude Niesen, and the successful debut in a new line of business of that brilliant little comedy actress, Miss Diana Churchill. On the other hand, *Paprika* at His Majesty's was really a dreadful affair.

This does not pretend to be an exhaustive list, and I am quite aware that an even longer list could be made of plays and productions which have failed completely. Nevertheless, even if there are many things which are wrong with the theatre in this country, there are far more things which are right with it.

"Windfall."—Since the first performance of this play at the Apollo the last act has, I understand, been drastically altered. When I saw it this act was the weakest, and if it has now become the strongest, so much the better. Those characters who were representatives of law and order have, that is to say, been transformed into those whom it is the job of such representatives to pursue. I cannot see, however, that a bad play can be turned into a good one by turning good men into bad men. *Windfall* is not, perhaps, a bad play so much as an ineffective one. The core of it has a new touch and the tale might have been even thrilling had it been better told.

The idea of a poverty-stricken city clerk suddenly being handed by his employer an envelope containing £20,000, which has in turn to be handed to somebody else (who, and why, we were not told), and then sticking to the cash and proposing to elope with a young hussy half the age of his nice wife has possibilities. The improbabilities outweigh them when so much is left unexplained and when the clerk, instead of being Mr. Chips-like, is shown as quite a fierce and determined person.

This was not the fault of that good actor, Mr. Frank Allenby, but of those who cast him for the part, Mr. Allenby having a fierce and determined personality, resembling that of his military namesake, the victor of Palestinian battles, rather than any sort of clerk, underpaid or even overpaid. Besides, this clerk made every sort of silly mistake conceivable and lied clumsily; I cannot picture Mr. Allenby making silly mistakes, and if ever he chose to lie I venture to think he would lie very cleverly indeed (which I trust will be taken as a compliment).

On the other hand, Miss Judy Kelly had no difficulty in persuading us that she is an alluring and most

A SPLENDID PIECE OF CHARACTER ACTING comes from Mary Merrall in the Vaudeville comedy, *Goodness, How Sad!* in which she plays the part of a landlady running "digs." for touring actresses. Pictured with her in this scene is charming Jill Furse

MERLE OBERON GOES UNGLAMOROUS in *Cowboy and the Lady*, and she is seen while holding a bucket of water. Gary which it was arranged should come to *You Can't Take It With You*, which was

A NASTY JOLT: On the night of the pompous, chapel-going, silver bri Pearson and Raymond Huntley) send with the express object of reprov tables on them, however, by recalli marriages, a fact which, if reveal This is one of the big moments which, needless to say, continues on

The Theatrical Year in Retrospect

Philip Page

N BENNETT looks extremely chic with her natural, ash-blonde hair arranged in this attractive new style, but in starring with Fredric March in Walter Wanger's newest production, *Trade Winds*, she goes through most of the picture wearing dark brown tresses

de in Samuel Goldwyn's film, *The* restling with a slippery bar of soap co-stars with her in this picture, mont, Haymarket, after Frank Capra's one of the box office successes of 1938

ce wedding anniversary the three folayed by Ernest Butcher, Lloyd g chapel organist (Richard Warner) possibly sacking him. He turns the irregularity with regard to their can disgrace before the whole town. s play, *When We Are Married*, s way at the St. Martin's Theatre

vampish young person, and a performance of natural and sensible charm came from Miss Doris Lytton. It was the job of Mr. Evelyn Roberts to infuse some sort of hilarity into this rather drab atmosphere and he did so very successfully as a representative of the more robust and whisky-swilling aspects of suburbia.

"Under Suspicion."—I find most plays of the type of *Under Suspicion* beneath contempt. Not because the comedy-thriller as such is contemptible but because the average specimen is neither comic nor thrilling. That is to a large extent inevitable, since the two elements have a way of cancelling each other; when one is worked up into a state of excitement by the villainies and hair's-breadth escapes of serious crooks and serious policemen, one does not want to be bothered with comic crooks and comic policemen. The successful exceptions occur only when the comedians, law-abiding or otherwise, are of the Leslie Henson calibre, and such are rare indeed.

I have never yet seen Mr. Henson in a crook play, but it is doubtful whether even he could have done much with the alleged light-relief at the Playhouse. One Nobby Clark (why are Clarks called Nobby?) had been in gaol and was terrified of going back again. As a character-study Mr. Leslie Harcourt's performance was first-rate, for he is a good character actor and we did not see too much of him. Of Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, the serious crook, an equally good character actor, we saw rather too much, cleverly though he disguised himself in a variety of roles and wigs. He was the "Boss," the head of a gang of thieves, blackmailers and what-not, whose principal job in the play was to wrest some secret from a professor, whom they bound with ropes and threatened with torture. Later on they—but that is about enough of that. Waging war on them were many detectives, defective detectives in that they were mostly fools and wholly tedious.

Miss Patricia Hilliard looked lovely with black garments and a French accent, Mr. William Fox as the chief detective did a vast amount of phoning with easy grace, and Miss Ann Trevor struggled dauntlessly with that impossible figure of stage convention, the pert typist.

The Coliseum goes "Kolossal."—Sir Oswald Stoll is lavish with his seasonable fare at the Coliseum. This is described as "The Wonder Show, Doorlay's Christmas Rocket. A Quick-fire Variety-revue." It lives up to the label in every respect except one: I would hardly call it quick-fire. Yet it is even more than a variety-revue, for the circus element predominates, with a Miss Ruth Hasse predominating in the programme, which tells of "Ruth Hasse on horseback. Ruth Hasse presents twelve illusions in two minutes. Ruth Hasse plays with her jungle leopards. Ruth Hasse defiant. Ruth Hasse as Little Butterfly. Ruth Hasse presents the 1,500,000-volt electric sensation. Ruth Hasse presents her Bell Belles. Ruth Hasse presents the Laughing Crazy Zebras. Ruth Hasse with her eighteen Midget Ponies." Since Miss Hasse does all this twice-nightly, I present my compliments and congratulations.

You may think there is no room left in the show for anything other than Miss Hasse (her name is Ruth) and her versatility. But there is. There is even room for a most gigantic giant. There was, in my view unfortunately, also room for a ballet danced to Saint-Saëns's "Mon Cœur S'Ouvre à Ta Voix," accompanied by "The Mighty Hammond Organ," which made, or was made to make, a really horrid noise. Why will cinema and theatre organists, clearly a race apart in the realm of sound production, invariably and unceasingly use the tremulant stop which turns a noble instrument into wibbly-wobbly nastiness?

Puccini, too, figured among the "rocketeers" with a ballet based on *Madame Butterfly*, as well as the composers of musical-comedies and light operas innumerable. A lot of people did Russian dances, and another lot of people—or was it the same lot of people?—did thigh-slapping Austrian dances, and a circus clown showed how buttons are sewn on, and we were invited to look at a shadow-show through tinted glasses (provided free by the management), with the result that the folk on the stage seemed to leap into one's lap, which really was rather fun.

This is indeed a monster entertainment, and the kiddies should love it—even the Mighty Hammond Organ with its deafening roar.

DOCTORING IN A WELSH MINING VILLAGE: Robert Donat as the young and enthusiastic practitioner, and Ralph Richardson as his hard-drinking, disillusioned colleague in the film version of A. J. Cronin's best-selling novel, *The Citadel*. The two are preparing their great dynamiting feat in which they blow up a drain they consider to be a dangerous germ spreader and a disgrace to the community. Donat is now engaged in making *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* at M.G.M.'s Denham studios

SHE SENDS HIM PACKING: The young hero (Robert Donat) calls at the village school to make a protest to the teacher (Rosalind Russell), but she bluntly answers his argument and dismisses him from the classroom. Another big moment in *The Citadel*, which had its gala premiere at the Empire, Leicester Square, on December 22

TEAMING TOGETHER IN "THE CITADEL": Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat make a handsome pair in the film version of Cronin's challenging novel. The first part of the picture, showing scenes in a mining valley, is generally voted the most convincing

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

IN times like these, when the economic position of this country is of vital importance, the spending of money becomes a public duty. The amount that women habitually spend on their clothes, on their homes, and on their looks is the life-blood of some of our most important industries, and every shilling that is left idle adds to the economic burden of the nation. So make a New Year resolution to spend every penny that you can safely afford, and start well by taking advantage of the January sales. They will offer amazing opportunities, for the crisis of the autumn seriously upset trade, and in consequence unusual bargains are to be obtained.

At Marshall and Snelgrove's, whose sale began on December 29, model gowns are marked down to less than half price. Included among them are some charming afternoon dresses, ideal for wearing under fur coats. One is called "Princess," and, made in smooth crepe with a half-belt that ties at the back, it is trimmed at the neck and on the sleeves with cut-out appliqués. It costs 5 guineas instead of 10½ guineas. In the Suit Department you may find, for 25 guineas, models that at the beginning of the season cost from 55 to 70 guineas.

There, too, if you are feeling less ambitious you will find travel suits in moorspun diagonal tweed for only £3 10s. For the evening there are full-length velvet capes with fluted Medici collars and contrasting linings for 5 guineas, and full-skirted poult dresses with draped Empire bodices, reduced from 5 guineas to 69s. 6d. Crinolines to be worn beneath these skirts can be supplied to order.

January 2 is the first day of Debenham and Freebody's sale, and there you must certainly go if you are in search of furs. In the luxury class is a full-length coat of dark natural Canadian mink, offered at 198 guineas instead of 398 guineas; a half-length coat of white Russian ermine which costs 98 guineas and shows a reduction of 100 guineas; and, at the same price, a knee-length French model cape of white fox. For low-priced effectiveness it would be very hard to beat a cape of natural red fox, costing only 15 guineas, or, for the same amount, a three-quarter-length coat of jaguar, boldly marked and extremely chic.

Other suggestions, too good to be missed, are wrap-over tea gowns in crease-resisting velvet, tied with a bow at the side, for 5½ guineas; knitted jumpers in bramble yarn, made in a fancy stitch, light in weight and lovely in colour, originally 25s. 6d. and marked down to 10s., and fur-trimmed coats at less than half price.

During the second week of the sale there will be special offers in fabrics and household linens, and during the third final reductions will be made with lavish generosity.

Home lovers will naturally turn their steps to Liberty's, for their January sale is always an eagerly anticipated event. Actually, you could have dashed there immediately after Christmas, for their sale began on December 28. Among their printed furnishing fabrics are cretonnes reduced from 2s. 6d. a yard to 1s. 3d. a yard, or from 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. a yard to 1s. 6d. and 1s. 11d. respectively, and linens reduced from 3s. 6d. and 3s. 11d. a yard to 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 11d. a yard. Loose cover fabrics, strong and serviceable, woven in modern designs, at 2s. 11d. a yard instead of 4s. 6d. will effect a considerable saving, while casement curtaining in artificial silk and cotton, reduced from 6s. 11d. to 3s. 6d. a yard, is something that deserves to be specially noted. In all the fashion departments the same sort of lavishness is manifested, while plain wool dress lengths in glorious Liberty colours are offered at 21s. each. In the model gown salon evening dresses, tea gowns and day frocks can be found from 3 guineas, and those lucky people who are leaving this cold winter in search of sunshine will find summer dresses at far less than their usual prices.

In every case it has been possible only to pick out a few items at random from a host of others equally, or even more, spectacular, but it is an easy matter to ask the shops to send their sale catalogues.

Swan and Edgar's, whose sale begins on January 2, is the place for wonderful lingerie at almost unbelievable prices. Imagine a fine corduroy velveteen breakfast gown, gracefully flared and zipped from high neck to hem, made in glorious colours, for 15s. Or a tailored wrapper in artificial silk satin beauté, with built-up shoulders, wide revers, and a two-tone sash, for 25s.

This, too, is the spot for small women, who will find admirably-cut afternoon dresses for 40s.; tailored frocks in fine novelty angora for 60s.; fur-trimmed coats for 80s. and 98s. 6d.; and evening frocks for grand occasions for 60s.

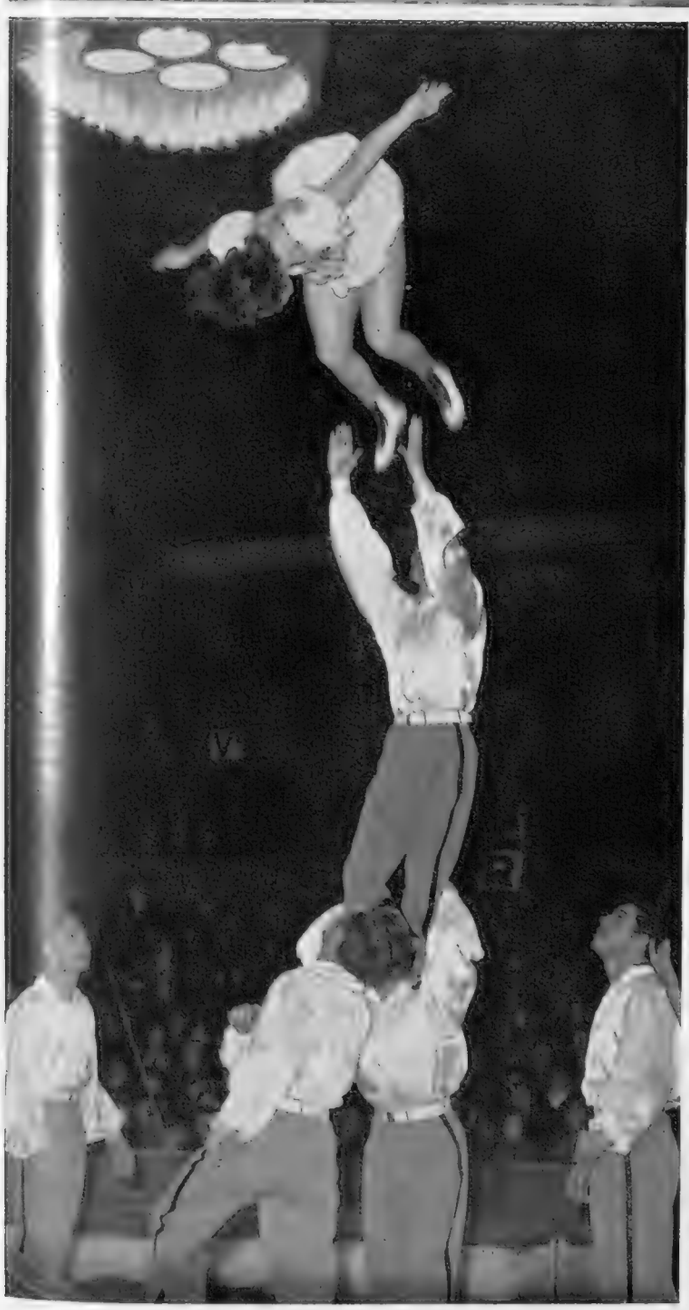
With an eye to the early spring, their two-piece and three-piece suits at 80s. rank as a sound investment, for they are style-perfect and extremely practical.

Then on to Gorringes, in Buckingham Palace Road, whose sale starts on the same day, particularly if you happen to want shoes, for they have Ghillie sports shoes, made of greased willow calf and lined with leather throughout, reduced from 29s. 6d. to 18s. 9d.

Soft woollen day dresses with adaptable necklines and raised embroidery on the bodice are marked down to 42s.; extraordinarily well-cut herring-bone tweed skirts, in heather or brown mixtures, are available for 18s. 6d., and there are some astounding offers in furs and fur-trimmed coats; to say nothing of velvet-trimmed felt hats, or expanding taffeta models, at 10s. and 12s. 9d.

GENA LIPKOWSKA AND HER SIX WHITE HORSES provide just one of the thrilling items on the programme at Olympia where the Bertram Mills Circus is now in full swing with talented performers from all over the world taking part

CHRISTMAS CIRCUS THRILLS



A BREATH-TAKING ACT REACHES ITS CLIMAX: Fourteen-year-old June, one of the seven Ortans, sky-rockets into the air and turns three complete somersaults before making a perfect landing in a chair. A picture taken at the Olympia Circus. *On right*—The bear that rides a motor bicycle is one of the big features at the Royal Agricultural Hall Circus

POLITICAL BOOKS HAVE LED THE FIELD IN 1938

Followed Closely by Some Fine Biographies and Memoirs : Fiction Reveals Length but Not Strength

MORE books are bought in Christmas week than in any two months in any year put together. But none get published. The masterpieces of 1939 are as yet unissued, and the honeyed voice of the publishers' "advance information" is, for the moment, still.

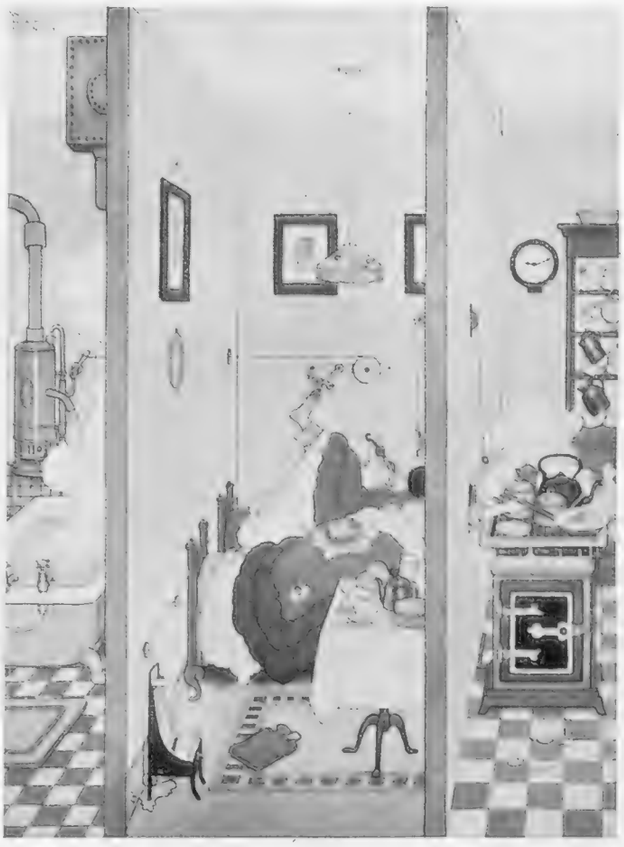
It is the custom of this department in this period of peace and comparative good will to reflect upon those things which are its main concern. A year ago at this time I found that book prices were tending to rise. On an average it will be found that they have risen considerably during 1938.

Moreover, in the past year or so I have noted an enormous advance in the popularity of the "general" book, which is the term used by booksellers to distinguish books of general interest from fiction. It is natural that at the moment books on political subjects should command a wide attention, but one also has to note the increasing tendency of the public to display the same appetite for biography and memoirs as it used to for fiction.

The fashion in fiction seems to run to length but no strength, like a three-suit call at bridge, and the old price of 7s. 6d. seems to have become the exception rather than the rule.

Yet while new books are going out old books are coming down. The 3s. 6d. reprint looks as if it is due for the fate of the dodo, and the trend is all towards that ornithological series which festoons the bookstalls, brightens the bookshops, and only asks for sixpence. So we pay our 8s. 6d. (and upwards) or wait to take our choice—if we can wait as long—for sixpence. Such is this state of affairs that the book trade looks like facing as many changes in the near future as the map of Europe.

It is a strange trade and run, as far as one can see, by super-optimists who, in spite of all that has happened in the year under review, including something called A Crisis, which dealt a body blow to its otherwise most lucrative autumn publishing season, yet managed to maintain its output at its previous record level. But let us turn back the leaves and take a look at some of that output.



PLAN FOR A CHILLY MORNING: A bright example of the inventive genius of Heath Robinson in his autobiography, *My Line of Life*, which has just been published at 15s. by Messrs. Blackie

First, since it has been this year's first interest, the books on politics. In most cases these have been on foreign policies, or on the new diplomacy that the dictators have brought with them. Most of them, too, have explanatory maps, helping to make the involved network of the European situation clearer to the lay reader.

Mr. Douglas Reed's **Insanity Fair** is one of the most memorable of these books. It appeared early in the year, but after the Austrian *anschluss* a revised edition was brought out, and it now ranks as one of the most authoritative of this year's handbooks. Mr. F. A. Voigt's **Unto Caesar** is in the same class, he too being a very distinguished newspaper correspondent, who speaks with special knowledge of the Ukraine, one of the most bitter of present problems. The events of last March in Austria produced a flood of books on Austria, and by Austrians. The Czechoslovakian crisis is having the same result. But of Spain and her struggle not much has yet been written. That struggle has so far been responsible for a great picture and some good poetry. It is fairly safe to prophesy that when the spate of its literature does begin, it will be of a high order.

The Truth About the Peace Treaties, by the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, would be an interesting acquisition for anybody's library. What the little Welshman says now of what he thought then, may make history in time to come. At the other end of the scale, in size, but not in worth, is Mr. Thomas Mann's admirable little book, **The Coming Victory of Democracy.**

Among the biographies and memoirs the selection is just as rich. **Madame Curie,** by her daughter, Eve Curie, is probably the outstanding biography, if one excepts Mr. Winston Churchill's monumental life of his great ancestor, **Marlborough.** Mr. John Rothenstein's book on the painter, **Charles Conder,** is valuable more for what it tells of an important period in French art than for the manner of its telling. Miss Yvonne French wrote a delightful memoir of **Ouida,** which she subtitled **A Study in Ostentation. Everybody's Autobiography** showed Miss Gertrude Stein in her most comprehensible and witty Toklas style, and **Without Knowing Mr. Walkley** provided some of the most graceful and dignified chapters of autobiography of the year, from Miss Edith Olivier. These two books are poles apart in everything but discrimination and lively intelligence.

There was a life of **Edward Lear,** by Mr. Angus Davidson, and a life of William Whiteley, **The Universal Provider,** by Mr. Richard S. Lambert. Early in the year Mr. Somerset Maugham gave us **The Summing Up,** a biography of the intellect, and probably the best thing he has ever written. **T. E. Lawrence: Letters** can surely count as biography since they are so entirely personal to one of the most brilliant and unpredictable figures of this century. Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh's **Listen—The Wind** was to me one of the high spots of the past season's personal memoirs.

Miss Margaret Halsey has caused a small stir with her tart and sometimes very funny review of English habits of life seen with American eyes, **With Malice Toward Some.** With perhaps more wit and equal vitality, there is the late Mr. Denis Kincaid's **Social Life in India: 1608–1937.**

Among the travel books, pure and simple (if that is an adequate description for travel books), there is notably Mr. F. D. Ommanney's **South Latitude** which reached a new "high" in accounts of Arctic adventures. **Lords of the Sunset,** by Mr. Maurice Collis, was a beautifully illustrated and sympathetically written story of a tour of the Shan States, and Mr. Ford Madox Ford's book on **Provence and the Riviera from Minstrels to Machines** is as enchanting as its title is cumbersome.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's **Rumanian Journey** is superficial, but has its moments of real charm, and is an excellent foil for Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart's **Guns or Butter,** which, while hardly travel, covers so much ground in Europe that, at a pinch, it may come under that heading, and must in any case be included in a list of immensely readable books.

The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci are so well worth studying and possessing that they scarcely need my recommendation. An edition of them, edited by Mr. Edward MacCurdy, has just been published in two volumes.

Of the poetry published this year I have chosen three volumes of the most widely varied types. Miss V. Sackville-West's **Solitude,** Miss Stevie Smith's **Tender Only to One,** which will either irritate or amuse or sadden you, and Mr. Ogden Nash's **I'm a Stranger Here Myself,** which will make you laugh, or at least I hope so, very much indeed.

And now for fiction, which I have left to the last, through no reason of prejudice. First of all (because he has reached the eminence where he receives first consideration) there is Mr. H. G. Wells's **Apropos of Dolores,** which is not quite a novel, and not quite a treatise on feminine psychology. Then there is Mr. J. B. Priestley's **The Doomsday Men,** and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's **Koenigsmark.** They could scarcely be more different from each other, but they are both in the front row of 1938's fiction.

Sir Hugh Walpole's contribution this year is **The Joyful Delaneys,** and Mr. Francis Brett Young's **Dr. Bradley Remembers.** Miss Daphne du Maurier's **Rebecca** is one of the year's best-sellers, and so is Mr. Louis Bromfield's **The Rains Came.** Miss Elizabeth Bowen's sensitive novel, **Death of the Heart,** is not easily forgotten, nor is Mr. Graham Greene's macabre **Brighton Rock.** Mr. Richard Aldington's amusing novel, **Seven Against Reeves,** was diverting and written with distinction.

The best-seller of the moment is a simple and essentially lovable story, **The Yearling,** by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, and with it I end a list which must, for reasons of space, be very inadequate, but which is some attempt to prove that 1938 in the book world has been a stimulating and interesting time.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

"BY JOVE! WHAT HOCKS": This is just one of the bright drawings by Nicolas Bentley in his memorandum book, *The Week-end Wants of a Guest* (published by Cobden-Sanderson), in which it is suggested that details should be filled in of what to take, what to admire, what to ask for, and what not to mention when visiting

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE RIGHT BOOK CLUB.—ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA. By Eugene Lyons. 2s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE.—GENTLEWOMEN AIM TO PLEASE. By Jerrard Tickell. 6s. THE WORLD OF WORDS. By Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d. THE BASIS OF COMBINATION IN CHESS. By J. Du Mont. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—SEVEN CANTONMENTS. By Major S. E. G. Ponder. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. KING GUSTAVE OF SWEDEN. By Basil Herbert. 15s. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. By Ethel M. Duff. 18s. NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE. By Douglas Beaufort. Illustrated. 15s. QUACKS' PARADISE. By Sidney Fairway. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER.—MR. PRUNE ON COTSWOLD. By R. Blake Brown. 10s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—THE CULTURE OF CITIES. By Lewis Mumford. 21s. BEING GENIUSES TOGETHER. By Robert McAlmon. 12s. 6d. FROZEN GLORY. By Leslie & Sewell Stokes. 3s. 6d. THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS.—WHAT NEXT IN CENTRAL EUROPE? By Victor Cornea. 3s. 6d. THE STUDIO PUBLICATIONS.—MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY 1938-9. Edited by C. G. Holme. 5s. wrappers. 7s. 6d. cloth. THE TRAVEL BOOK

Continued on right

CLUB.—IN SEARCH OF THE MAHATMAS OF TIBET. By E. G. Schary. 3s. 6d. WATTS & CO.—SCIENCE AND NUTRITION. By A. L. Bacharach. 2s. 6d. WILLIAMS & NORGATE.—OTHER RANKS OF KUT. By P. W. Long. 10s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE RETURN OF SANDERS OF THE RIVER. By Francis Gerard. 7s. 6d. I FOLLOW ST. PATRICK. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Illustrated. 16s. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—YOUR HOUSE AND MINE. By Geoffrey Boumphrey. Illustrated. 15s. CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB.—THE LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF FATHER MICHAEL PRO, S.J. By Mrs. George Norman. 2s. 6d. COLLINS.—HERCULE POIROT'S CHRISTMAS. By Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. BURKE'S STEERAGE. By T. H. White. 6s. MISS BUN, THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER. By D. E. Stevenson. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—HOME: A Victorian Vignette. By Robert Harling. 6s. COUNTRY LIFE.—THE FEATHERED FOLK OF AN ESTUARY. By Guy B. Farrar. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOHN GIFFORD.—PROPAGANDA BOOM. By A. J. Mackenzie. 10s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—CHINA FIGHTS BACK. By Agnes Smedley. 7s. 6d.

OUT AND ABOUT: Some Items of Personal Interest

THE QUEEN GOES TO THE THEATRE: Her Majesty, wearing a magnificent ermine cape edged with fox fur, at the Palace Theatre where, with other members of the Royal Family circle, she saw the riotous Jack Hulbert—Cicely Courtneidge show

ROYAL DOLLS EARN FOR CHARITY: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret looking at "Marianne," one of the two dolls presented them by the children of France on the occasion of the recent Royal visit to Paris. When this picture was taken the dolls were on exhibition to the public at St. James's Palace, the proceeds from admission fees going to charity

On left—THE OXFORD SKI-ING FIVE, M. Davies, M. Seligman, D. Garrow (captain), M. Nesbitt, and I. Tetley, pictured at Sestrieres in the Italian Alps, where they went before Christmas to prepare for their contest against Cambridge. Altogether about 100 men from the two universities have gone there

ESSENCE OF ALLURE: This is lovely Judy Kelly who gives a brilliant performance as the youthful vamp in *Windfall*, the bright three-act comedy by Howard Irving Young and Jeffrey Dell, which was recently presented at the Apollo Theatre

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS: Anna Neagle, star of *Sixty Glorious Years* and *Victoria the Great*, pictured on arrival at Plymouth in the *Queen Mary*, which reached England on Wednesday of last week with a full complement of passengers

ROYALTY AT HIS MAJESTY'S: The Duchess of Kent (right) and her sister, Princess Olga, wife of the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia, leaving the theatre after seeing the new film, *The Great Waltz*. Behind the Duchess is the Infanta Christina, second daughter of ex-King Alfonso

WELL AND TRULY SNOWED UP: This is how a motorist found his car after he had parked it for an hour in a London square last week. Frozen radiators created a great problem

SELF-HELP: This Kent County Council lorry which set out to spread sand over snow-covered Detling Hill, near Maidstone, needed some of its own cargo in order to get on the move again when skidding on one of the steeper parts of the slope

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT is being tried by the Southern Railway at Sevenoaks where all rail travellers are permitted to park their cars free, the parking fee being returned on the presentation of the parking receipt at the booking office

THE TRANSPORT MINISTER OPENS BOLTON'S NEW RING ROAD: The official cars passing along Moss Way after Mr. Burgin had conducted the inaugural ceremony. The road is 64 ft. wide with dual carriage ways and should reduce considerably the volume of traffic passing through the heart of the town

THE PETROL WORLD

A £239 CAR WITH £800 FEATURES

A Test of the Hillman Fourteen Reveals Quite Remarkable Value

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

FOR some reason which I cannot fathom at the moment, the Hillman Minx appears to be much better known than the Hillman Fourteen, making due allowance for the difference in price. Probably there are a large number of people in the motoring community who do not realise that there is such a car as a Hillman Fourteen. I tried one for a few days recently and I have formed some very definite conclusions. It is wonderful value for money and the performance it gives is almost incredible.

Let me first of all say that the price of this car in its standard saloon form is £239. It is just as well to bear this figure in mind because some of the remarks I am going to make might, in many people's opinion, apply only to a car costing £800.

THE HILLMAN FOURTEEN, regarding which Mr. Bradley has many complimentary things to say as a result of a recent test which he describes in the accompanying article

I hope I will not incur the wrath of the manufacturers when I confess that the car stayed out in the open throughout the two nights it was in my possession. Yet, on each morning the starter was only just touched and the engine sprang instantly into life without one having to manipulate any strangler or choke, and, what is perhaps more praiseworthy, the engine was ready immediately to take the car along as if it had been running half an hour. I have never come across a car that was better in this respect.

The engine is a 4-cylinder unit with side-by-side valves and its cubic capacity is under 2 litres. Actually, it is smoother as the speed increases, and it possesses a surprising amount of power. On one occasion the speedometer needle went past the 80 m.p.h. mark, but what is perhaps more satisfying is that the car's cruising speed, where it glides along in an effortless manner, is at about 65 m.p.h. on the clock. Perhaps if the body only just accommodated four people with a crush these figures might not be so startling, but the car has an extra roomy body and accommodates five people in the utmost comfort. My own car with an engine of more than twice the capacity has less accommodation.

A four-speed gear-box with synchromesh on top, third and second is fitted and I found it silent in action and the gear changing easy to effect. The car now has the famous "Evenkeel" independent suspension in the front and this, as might be expected, gives the rear passengers a thoroughly comfortable ride. Another feature which certainly surprised me was the petrol consumption. I regret I did not take a careful account of the mileage I covered but it was certainly over 200 miles and according to the gauge I did not use half a tankful and I see that the tank is reputed to hold 13 gallons. I can only deduce that the carburation of the car is mostefficient and that the engine and transmission must be very carefully made. It must, too, be assembled with equal care.

The ridiculously low figure at which the car sells would suggest that the equipment was only just sufficient without being luxurious, but, on the contrary, such a refinement as rheostat control to the instrument illumination is provided

The purchaser also is given an easy lift jacking system, screen wiper with separate motor mounted under the bonnet, stop lamp, and a very comprehensive kit of tools. One of the first things I look at on every car that passes through my hands is the luggage accommodation, and in this respect I must give this Hillman almost full marks. The large locker gives a very useful amount of space even when the lid is closed, but when this is open another trunk can be carried on it.

I am perfectly certain that anyone who is fortunate enough to spare the time to take a trial run on one of these cars will immediately be impressed.

No one will deny that Rolls-Royce Limited have for years made cars which have gained the admiration of the world but it has always amazed me that they have made something far more difficult than a really good motor car and that is a name which stands for super excellence in most countries of the universe. When the words "Rolls-Royce" are mentioned in connection with a motor car we know what they mean, but it is just as clear to the individual who has never owned a car that when he buys a "Rolls-Royce" tin kettle he has bought the very best tin kettle that can be procured.

Many people probably wonder how any motor firm could establish a name for itself that when mentioned away from motoring still indicates "past compare." Any reader who is interested to find out how this very wonderful reputation has been built up can read all about it in a book called *The Magic of a Name* by Harold Nockolds, which has recently been published by G. T. Foulis and Company Limited. It is a most interesting publication and no keen motorist can afford to be ignorant of its contents.

I will not spoil the pleasure of any prospective reader by telling him too much about the book and what it contains, but there is one chapter in which some very interesting information is given. Many people buy a Rolls-Royce in order to be different from most other people and in case someone close by should have one of these cars the owner quite often has the most fantastic bodies fitted, painted in bizarre colours. But let the prospective owner endeavour to induce the works at Derby to deviate from the standard chassis specification and he will learn very quickly that no modifications whatever can be entertained.

From this it might be thought that Rolls-Royce have never departed from the specification of the various models. From Mr. Nockolds' book, however, we learn that they build experimental Rolls-Royces almost every year and that these cars would cause a sensation wherever they went if they were recognised. On one occasion we learn from the book in question that a supercharged 8-cylinder car was built at the Derby factory. Its road performance was fantastic, but despite the greatest effort it could not be made quiet enough to pass the high standard required.

This England . . .

The Roman Wall near Housteads

THIS country is not unlike some great brewhouse—into it there go elements of different kinds and out there comes something different—something exclusively our own, made and mellowed in our special way. There was Rome, direct, forceful, making its boundaries with the spade and not the pen. There were the wild Northerners and Jutland farmers with new laws, new customs and new seamanship. Lastly, the solid Norman, building and ordering. Dominants all, yet what they have produced is—England. None of these made England of themselves, any more than barley and hops and yeast make Worthington—it is the craft of brewing, the art of balance and of discard, of slow maturing to a mellow strength, that makes of this very English thing a mirror of the whole.

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CONTINUATIONS

They came to stay. Their schedule was to cover 30 miles a day, dragging the heavy sled, to examine 500 miles of the rocky shores at the Great Bear Lake. After a few days of wandering, LaBine struck at the rock beneath which to-day the British Empire has her northernmost mine, and where are the world's richest radium deposits. The rock had blue-green colours with yellow spots and stripes. They contained cobalt, copper, and silver. On closer examination LaBine was attracted by black pitch about the size of a plum. He knocked with his hammer at the black stone. It was pitchblende, radium's richest ore.

RADIUM IN CANADA'S ARCTIC

(Cont. from page 549)

Gilbert LaBine stood on the shores of the Great Bear Lake, 1,500 miles from the nearest railway and he knew that it was his Eldorado. But the chance of immense wealth faded out as he thought of the impregnability of the countryside, of the unconquerable difficulties of transport and communication, of the difficult path of exploitation.

Gilbert LaBine hurried back to Ottawa to confer with the Government. In the Ministry of Mines and Resources, the black stone was examined and LaBine's discovery confirmed. They found it a valuable discovery, but had no resources to finance its exploitation.

Gilbert LaBine would not abandon hope. He journeyed to Washington to obtain the support of American financiers. During his stay there an invitation came from Dr. Kelly, Baltimore's famous radiologist.

Dr. Kelly received him with much praise and said, "LaBine, you don't know what you have found!"

"Well, I think I do," LaBine replied sheepishly.

"No, I don't think you do," Dr. Kelly insisted.

"What I would like to know from you," LaBine asked, "because you are one of our great surgeons and radiologists, is this: In your opinion are we justified in going ahead and developing these deposits? We are 1,500 miles from a railway. We are located on the edge of one of the largest fresh-water lakes in the world. There are no inhabitants in that part of the country and transportation is so difficult!"

"My dear boy," Dr. Kelly said, "I don't care how difficult it is. You go ahead and do the developing, and if you want the money I will get it for you!"

Up to then almost all the radium was supplied by the Belgian company operating the famous Katanga mines in the Belgian Congo, Equatorial Africa. Some 30 grams of radium was the yearly output of the Katanga mines. An additional 5 grams of radium came from other sources: the United States contributed 2 grams, Czechoslovakia 2 grams, and Portugal 1 gram. But now the Arctic suddenly appeared on the exclusive market as a serious competitor. Production started at once.

In 1933 the Arctic supplied 3 grams of radium; in 1934 3½ grams; in 1935 8¾ grams; in 1936 20 grams. The price of radium on the world market dropped from 70,000 dollars to 25,000 dollars per gram. Overnight, hospitals of the world were able to purchase a double amount of radium.

Millions suffering from cancer expect recovery from radium treatment—but there is only a limited supply at the disposal of the surgeons.

The Arctic production grew steadily. In 1937 it produced 27 grams and production is speeding up and driving towards an output of 70-100 grams yearly.

From the frozen snow-covered Lake La Biche airport of Edmonton forty-five planes of three different companies fly northwards. Before the radium mine was discovered there were only four aeroplanes. To-day more freight is flown from Lake La Biche to the frozen North than from any American airport to anywhere in the world.

The miners of Great Bear Lake deliver 78 tons of ore every day. About 450 tons of ore contain one single gram of radium. Soon production will be doubled to compete with the distant African mines of the Belgians. The exact figures of the Congo production are kept secret. Nobody knows whether they produce more or less than 25 to 30 grams a year. Eldorado, striving towards a production of 100 grams a year, will soon become the richest radium-producing mine in the world.

The ore rattles on an endless conveyor to the mill. On both sides of the ribbon stand the assorters, picking the high-grade minerals from the ore. Others shovel the rest into two huge grinding machines which grind the stones into mud, whence they reach the flotation tables, over which water is dribbling.

The various ores sparkle on the tables. While the plates move up and down, down and up, the silver, cobalt, and the pitchblende assort themselves. Filmy shafts of blue, grey, black powder lie like rainbows under the trickling water. The blue powder is cobalt, the light grey is silver, the black is the pitchblende. The plates are perforated with long, narrow gaps, through which the light metals filter, and on the table remains the heavy, black pitchblende. This concentrated pitchblende goes through three or four more processes and is further concentrated; it wanders from plate to plate, from apparatus to apparatus, until it is packed in small sacks, and stored in the mill until July. On the boats of the radium fleet it is carried 4,500 miles south to the refinery in Port Hope.

THE BIG SIX: Indispensable reference works that should be on every shelf:—*Kelly's Handbook, Whitaker's, The Royal Blue Book, Debrett's Peerage, The South and East African Year Book,* and *Who's Who*

IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT IMPORTANT FIGURES

The Great Reference Books

FREQUENTLY in the course of business or everyday conversation the need for reference books crops up, and it is only natural that such volumes as *Who's Who, Debrett's*, etc., should be found in so many offices and libraries throughout the country; for with these works at hand one can reduce to the ultimate minimum one's dilemmas—whether titular, geographical, or personal.

"Debrett's." Who was Lord So-and-so before he became a peer? How many titles have been created in past years? What titles have become extinct in this century? What peers, baronets, knights, or companions died last year? Is Bishop So-and-so an English, Scottish, or Irish prelate? These and hundreds of other questions can be answered immediately by reference to *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* (Dean and Son, Ltd.), which has just made its appearance for 1939, and is priced at 105s.

"Who's Who" is the only compendium of notables inclusion in which is based on merit alone, and the names of 99·9 per cent. of British people who have achieved distinction in business or public life appear between the familiar red covers. The condensed biographies make extraordinarily interesting reading, and what is more, every fact given can be relied upon as being accurate. Needless to say, it is false economy to use old editions, as from year to year such a host of changes take place. The volume contains over 40,000 entries.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court, and Parliamentary Guide" for 1939 has just been published, price 10s. 6d. As is well known, this book, which has been issued for over 100 years, gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the western districts of London. The area covered may roughly be taken as that bounded by:—Hampstead on the north; the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the south; Bloomsbury on the east and West Kensington on the west. The names and addresses are arranged:—(1) according to streets; (2) in one alphabetical list of names, with addresses and telephone numbers. The book contains a classified Trades Section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary Directory.

"Kelly's Handbook of Distinguished People" (price 40s., published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, London, W.C.2): The greater part of this book of some 2,000 pages, which has just made its appearance for 1939, is occupied by the biographies, which are all arranged in alphabetical order; many of these will not be found in other reference books, as *Kelly's Handbook* includes not only those who have titles and honours, or high rank in the services, but those who are prominent in their own counties as landowners or magistrates. Everyone who knows the handbook is acquainted with this part of the book, but there may be many who are unaware of the varied and useful information contained in the book's first 124 pages.

"Whitaker's" is a household word, needing no introduction. As usual it is published in a library edition (12s. 6d.), complete edition (6s.) and abridged edition (3s.). This latest volume is of particular historic interest in that it records the anxious times when the peace of the world was threatened by the upheaval over Czechoslovakia, while affairs at home and abroad are summarised in the chronicle of events, and other matters of current interest are treated in special articles. Among these will be found details of the Anglo—U.S.A.—Canadian trade treaty, world production, food imports, and of other subjects now prominently before the public.

"The South and East African Year Book and Guide," the 1939 edition of which has just been issued by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., is well known to many of our readers and is recognised as an absorbingly interesting reference book that is indispensable alike to the traveller, the settler, and the business man having dealings with the African continent. The volume, which contains over 1,200 pages and sixty-four pages of maps, is priced at 2s. 6d. (3s. post free in the U.K.). Of particular importance is the index, covering fifty pages and containing 2,600 place names, practically doing the service of a gazetteer.

PERSONALITIES OF 1938

(Continued from page 542)

Mr. Churchill carries on, possibly the greatest natural intelligence officer this country has ever known. But he is half American, you know, and crossed the floor before the flood.

Here come four whole Americans. Corrigan, Kennedy, Howard Hughes, and Jeanne Cochrane—and yet the first two are heavily Irish, so what *can* you do about it!

Corrigan and Disney must, among human beings, have given the maximum amount of joy this infernal year that is closing. Short of flying the Atlantic backwards, there does not seem much else new to be done now, aerially, with the pond.

I trust Ambassador Kennedy would not take umbrage at my saying he reminds me of a definition once given to a reformer in the United States. "A locomotive in pants." Mr. Kennedy seems to be everywhere. What an umpire this Celt could one day make between north and south Ireland. And how the greater part of the England Kennedy so clearly likes would say: "Go to it, lad!"

Miss Cochrane, by beating all the men speed champions, assumes the mantle of the lamented "Lady Lindy."

And so one pirouettes off stage until next year, *D.V.* Though not without citing just one final name, Pirow, concerning the pronunciation of which I am left in doubt, as a friend, a fine linguist, insists that the "w" should be pronounced Russian style.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With the dawn of the new year, there will be many children recently admitted into the Homes and Ship of this Society, whose hopes have been raised because of the happier lives they are experiencing in their new surroundings. Probably before 1939 is out, another 400 or so will seek admittance, with the same hope in their hearts. Work like this cannot be carried out to the best without the wherewithal to carry on, and funds have not been coming in so well. Will you start the New Year by sending a donation, and so enable more children to be admitted? Please mark your gift "Hope" and send it to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged.

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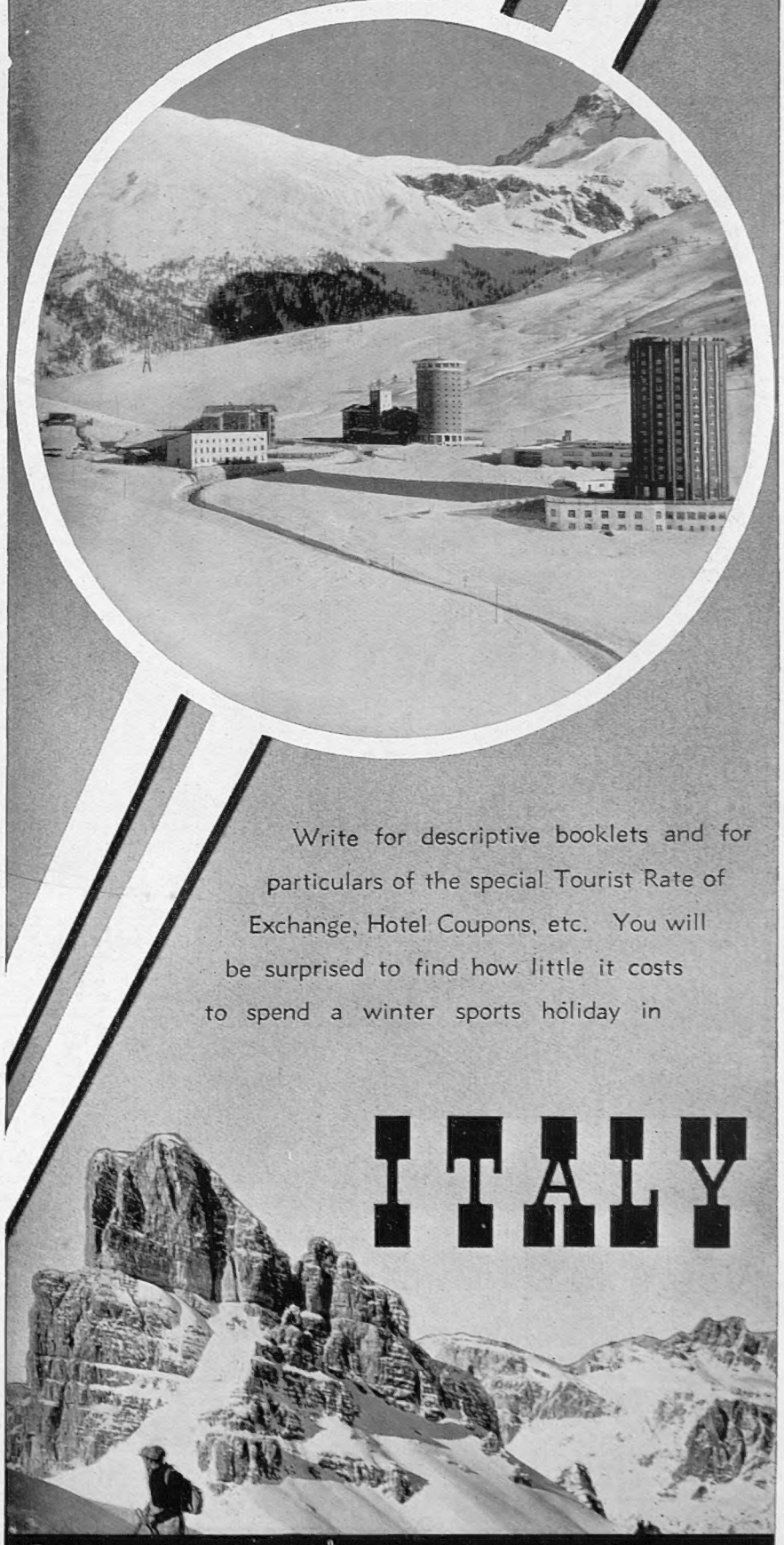

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WHEN THE MAIL TRAIN COMES IN: An animated scene on the platform of Central Station, Khartum

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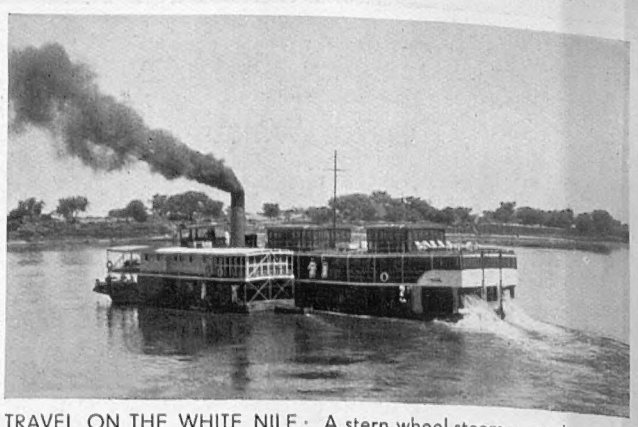
AFRICA AWAKENS

Amenities for the Modern Tourist in the Land of Stanley and Livingstone

By CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE



TRAVEL ON THE WHITE NILE: A stern-wheel steamer on the placid waters of the great river which is the Sudan's chief commercial artery

DURING recent years the Sudan has become a favourite winter resort for those who wish to make sure of blue skies and warm sunshine while Europe is bathed in cold and gloom. Here such modern amenities as hotels and sleeping-cars, fine river passenger steamers and motor cars are found side by side with barbarism, for the vast Sudan—almost as large as British India—has not yet been spoiled. The cry of *bakshish* is never heard; but it is no uncommon occurrence to put one's head out of the railway-carriage window, when the train-de-luxe from either Egypt or Port Sudan comes to a standstill in the midst of a native city, and see a forest of glittering spears carried by swarthy tribesmen who have come in from the surrounding desert to do their shopping in the local native market.

The first town of the northern Sudan is Wadi Halfa, where there is a most picturesque hotel and much to interest the traveller. This Nubian reach of the Nile is studded on both banks with ancient temples, and other remains of those mysterious ages about which so little is known. Here is a hill-top outpost of the Roman empire; away in the sand-rimmed desert is a temple of Isis; then comes the famous rock-hewn temple of Abu Simbel, with its huge carved figures and delicate colouring. In more than one of these temples, ancient Christian pictures, covered for centuries with white-wash to hide them during the many waves of invasion, are now exposed to the dim light which percolates into these buildings from the dazzling rays of the desert sun.

Close to Wadi Halfa there is a desert camp for travellers, organised under government supervision by a local sheikh. Here one may spend the warm, sunny days reading or motoring over the limitless sands of the great Sahara, and in viewing from the lofty rock of Abu Sir, the thousand islands of the Second Cataract of the Nile. In the evening one returns to the great tents and a meal, afterwards watching the orange of the African sunset turn to a purple mist, the moon rise over the continent-wide wastes of sand and rock, the distant camp fires of Bedouin tribes, and to sleep beneath the desert stars.

From Wadi Halfa there is a railway, over which the luxurious "Desert Mail" runs southwards across the land of the mirage—with its cool-looking lakes, inverted white cities and oases of palms suspended in the skies — to the capital of the Sudan. Raised over 1,000 ft. above sea level, Khartum is by no means hot, and mosquitoes are almost unknown, during the months from November to March. In addition to the cooling effect of altitude, there is also a prevailing northerly breeze to ruffle the waters of the Blue and White Niles and the amazingly prolific palm-gardens. This historic city has many features of interest and a gay winter season.

In the northern Sudan the greatest attraction is undoubtedly the native city of Omdurman, the home of 120,000 people of most of the races of north Central Africa. Among the sights of this black metropolis is the great market, where ivory is fashioned, filigree gold and silver worked, spears beaten, chain armour wrought, and slippers sewn and stained while the white-robed thousands watch or pass by and the purchaser waits.

Proceeding south of Khartum there is a most interesting river voyage of over 1,000 miles in a well-equipped stern-wheel steamer to the borders of Uganda and the Congo.

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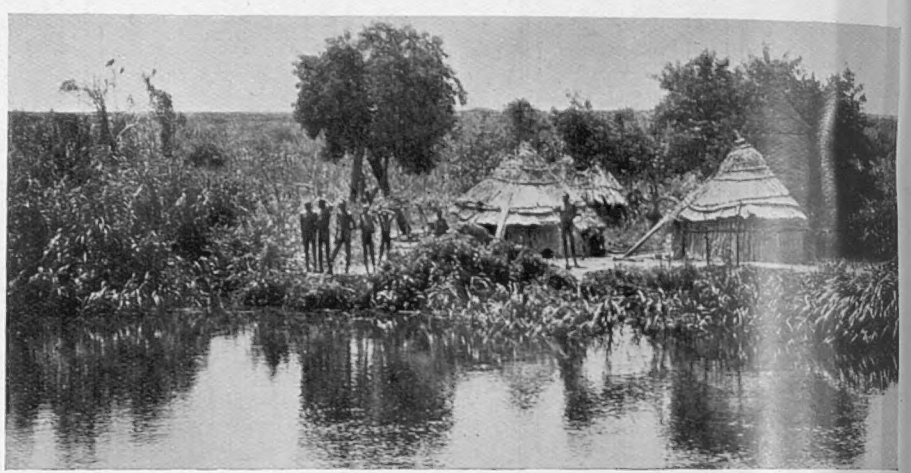
Life on board these fine White Nile steamers is peculiarly fascinating. One meets many interesting people. Explorers, big-game hunters, government officials, and pleasure travellers, both men and women, blazing a new trail of interest for themselves along this thin line of civilisation through "darkest Africa." Each steamer is an oasis of civilised life passing through a sea of barbarism.



WHERE LIFE PURSUES ITS PRIMITIVE WAY: Natives pictured outside their huts in a village on the upper reaches of the White Nile, a river of fascinating interest to the traveller in Sudan

WHEN THE BLACK FOLK TRAVEL: Entering a fourth-class carriage on the Sudan railways

The way lies through the big-game country of Central Africa, where every turn in the stream brings into view either queer native villages, at which the steamer waits, or a herd of buffalo, a rhinoceros, a lion, antelope, gazelle, giraffe, elephants and the inevitable hippopotamus and crocodile. At night vast bush fires appear like lurid glows across the horizon: by day both river and green jungle are flooded with brilliant sunshine.

What a scene this centre of the "Dark Continent" still offers. The primitive Africa of Baker, Stanley, Speke, Livingstone and other explorers of the 18th century, that is even now *only just* awakening from its primordial sleep.

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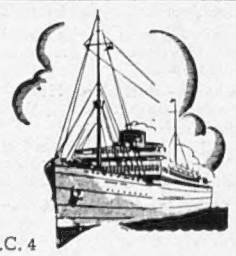

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

In Reviewing the Hotel World in 1938 the Author Picks Out Six Places Where He Derived Particular Satisfaction

A FEW weeks ago I read an article in my Sunday newspaper in which the writer ventured to suggest the twelve best films of 1938, and in certain instances I differ from him profoundly. A few days afterwards I was asked whether I could provide a list of the twelve best hotels I had come across during the past year, and I gave a most emphatic "No."

Every week of the year I come across hotels, inns and guest houses which can most certainly qualify for the definition of "good," but because individual tastes differ I can usually detect in them something which would debar them from appealing to all who write and ask me for advice. But there are a few, just a very few, where I can find no wrong, and whenever I persuade people to visit them I have no qualms.

I am not going to risk giving a list of what I consider the best hotels in the country, but I am prepared to name these particular ones because they each have an individuality of their own, and I give them full marks, for they invariably fit the hour and the need. They vary in size and in price; some are luxurious and some are exceedingly simple. I deliberately omit large towns where good hotels are, or should be, legion, nor am I going to tread on such dangerous ground as to select any one hotel in London itself.

The Clifton Arms, Lytham St. Annes, Lancashire.—Strictly speaking, I should not have included this in my list because Lytham is a town and merges into St. Annes and St. Annes into Blackpool. There is, however, no feeling of being in a town at the Clifton Arms, because from your window you will probably look out on to an old windmill, a long stretch of green sward and the Ribble estuary. In any case, at the moment it is, so far as I know, the most up-to-date hotel in the country in internal construction and design. It embodies every personal thing that one can think of as regards bodily comfort and you will not get a better meal anywhere in Lancashire than in the dining-room or grill-room of the Clifton Arms.

The next time you are motoring to or from Scotland by the western route, make this 12-mile detour from Preston—it is worth it.

The White Hart, Lincoln.—There is something about the super-luxury of this hotel which lies in the shadow of Lincoln Cathedral which is irresistible. I never travel on the Great North Road without feeling I must plan my journey so that I can stop for a meal or a night at the White Hart. Whether it is the genuine Adam and Sheraton furniture, the pleasant feeling of sitting in the dining-room where the service and the general surrounds make the business of eating a real pleasure, or whether it is the luxury of the bedrooms I know not, but the White Hart to me has set a standard for the type of hotel I should like to find in every cathedral town. The terms run from 6½ guineas a week; lunch is 4s.; dinner is 6s. 6d.

The Arundell Arms, Lifton, Cornwall.—Another hotel which it is sacrilege to pass by on the outward or return journey to the Cornish coast. It is 4 miles from the London side of Launceston. There is not much to attract you in its exterior, but within are comfortable chairs and sofas to sink into, modern warm bedrooms to thaw in after a bleak journey over Bodmin Moor, and ambrosial meals—even to the afternoon tea which with Cornish cream, home-made jam and cakes could be termed a feast. The terms are from 6 guineas a week; lunch is 3s. 6d.; dinner is 6s.

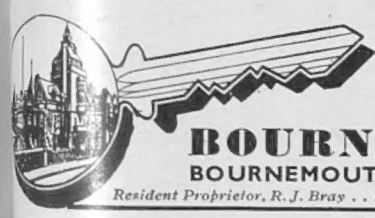
Treglos Hotel, St. Merryn, near Padstow, Cornwall.—Actually I have only visited Treglos on two occasions and the last one was some time ago; but it is a fact that everyone I recommend to Treglos and who is lucky enough to get in almost invariably writes to me and expresses his appreciation and endorses all I have said about this hotel. I do not think it is open all the winter months, but when it is open it is more often full than three-quarters full, and it is rare that you can get in at the last moment. It has an amazingly beautiful position overlooking the Atlantic and the adjoining Trevose links, and everything at Treglos is just right. The terms are from 5 guineas in winter and 7 guineas in summer.

Shelleys Hotel, Lewes, Sussex.—I remember when Shelleys was opened a few years ago. Its two proprietors thought they would like to put into effect their ideas of what constituted a really well-run hotel, and here you will find good food, good wine and attractive surroundings far above the average. That their ideals have been appreciated is evidenced by the fact that a little while back they added a new wing, and there are times when even their increased accommodation does not suffice. The terms run from 6 guineas a week; lunch is 4s. 6d.; dinner 6s. 6d.

The Crown Hotel, Blandford, Dorset.—If the White Hart at Lincoln is an example of the type of hotel I should like to see in every cathedral town, the Crown at Blandford is my model of what every country town, however sleepy, could effect. To-day with a modern car almost every place is a centre, and none are really off the beaten track. If you are in the Dorset region, bear in mind that Blandford, or to give it its full name, Blandford Forum, is only 18 miles from Bournemouth, 23 from Salisbury, and 16 from Dorchester. Mine host there is one of the outstanding examples of a man who has done and is doing much to improve the standard of British innkeeping, and the Crown blends well with the five other hotels I have mentioned on this page.

My more humble inns and guest houses must, owing to limitations of space, be held over until next week.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



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ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
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Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Oakham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1055.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
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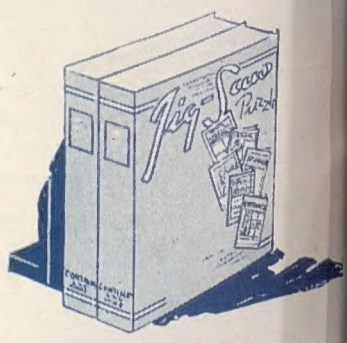

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